

**DARK SHADOWS**

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based on the series created by  
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EXT. HIGH ABOVE LIVERPOOL - 1752 - DAY

SOARING through the clouds until we behold the city --  
Gothic and sweeping; the sunlight choked with soot.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*It's said that blood is thicker  
than water. It's what defines us.  
Binds us. Curses us...*

DOWN toward Liverpool Bay, where the naked masts of tall  
ships shoot up like weeds along the riverbank.

TITLE: **LIVERPOOL, 1752**

DOWN...until ants become people, and we find JOSHUA  
COLLINS (30's) climbing the gangplank of the H.M.S.  
Venture with his wife NAOMI and their son, BARNABAS (9).

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*It was blood -- cursed blood --  
that drove Joshua Collins to seek  
refuge in the New World, in hopes  
that his wife and son would be  
spared the darkness that had  
plagued his family for centuries.*

As if in protest, an angry WIND kicks up...

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*The Old World was home to black  
magic; to strange creatures and  
ancient curses. But America...*

EXT. COLLINSPORT HARBOR - 1752 - DAY

TITLE: **MAINE, 3 MONTHS LATER**

Joshua, Naomi and Barnabas stand on the untouched shores  
of Maine; nothing but their luggage -- watching a LONELY  
FISHERMAN cast his net. To us, it looks like desolation.  
To Joshua, it looks like opportunity.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*America held the promise of  
rebirth...*

EXT. COLLINSPORT HARBOR - 1759 - DAY

We COME OFF of a sign proclaiming "Collinsport" to REVEAL  
a new, bustling dock -- full nets being unloaded by  
hearty FISHERMEN. Joshua Collins watches over the  
operation with a TEENAGED BARNABAS (16) by his side.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - 1759 - NIGHT

BUILDERS toil over the massive skeleton of what will become Collinwood Manor, as Joshua looks on proudly.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*Joshua Collins brought English  
 industry to the wilds of  
 Maine...and was rewarded with  
 riches beyond imagination...*

Young Barnabas looks on as well, positively intoxicated by the sight.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*...while young Barnabas indulged  
 in rewards of his own.*

EXT. COLLINSPORT HARBOR - 1770 - SUNSET

Barnabas (now in his late 20's) stands on the dock with a pair of YOUNG LADIES, tying off one of the family vessels, and reciting a ribald poem:

BARNABAS  
*So say'st the mermaids, their  
 breasts big as whales, "come, all  
 ye seamen, and ride on our tails."*

YOUNG LADY #1  
 That was beautiful. Was it Byron?

He finishes tying a knot and hands the loose end of the anchoring rope to one of the ladies.

BARNABAS  
 It was Barnabas.

YOUNG LADY #2  
 (caressing the rope)  
 It's so thick...

As Barnabas blushes with delight, a greying Joshua (now in his 50's) approaches from the cannery -- a stunning ruby medallion around his neck.

JOSHUA  
 (calling ahead)  
 Come, Barnabas -- Mother is  
 waiting. Let us to supper.

YOUNG BARNABAS  
 Go on without me.  
 (to the girls/wry)  
 (MORE)

YOUNG BARNABAS (CONT'D)

These young ladies were just  
admiring some of the wonderful  
things we possess.

Joshua comes closer and takes Barnabas by the chin --  
gentle but stern; lifts his face.

JOSHUA

(a whisper)  
Family, Barnabas. Family is the  
only real wealth.

On Barnabas, *not* really taking this in --

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - 1776 - NIGHT

TITLE: 1776

The finished manor is a sight to behold -- every bit as  
grand as the sprawling estates of the English nobles.

Barnabas (now 35) stands on a balcony, magnificently-  
dressed -- watching FIREWORKS light up the harbor below.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*Their blood grew thicker; their  
family stronger as relatives  
arrived from the Old World --  
eager to share in wealth and  
acceptance; eager to begin anew  
as Joshua had...*

He steps away, and we FOLLOW HIM into --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND BALLROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The ball of the season is in full swing: LADIES in  
extravagant dresses; MEN in fine silk suits -- dancing  
politely to Little Doves Waltz. As Barnabas  
flirtatiously navigates a crowd of FEMALE ADMIRERS...

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*But it soon became clear that the  
Collins family had brought  
something more than prosperity to  
their little seaside  
kingdom...something else.*

SMASH TO:

## A MONTAGE

Of Collinsport being terrorized by the supernatural:

-- FISHERMEN jumping overboard as a LUMINOUS GHOST plays havoc with their nets.

-- A WEREWOLF howling against the moonlit harbor.

-- CHRISTMAS CAROLERS having their candles blown out by the wake of a circling WITCH'S broom.

-- Joshua and Naomi riding in a covered carriage at night; the angry WIND whipping through the surrounding woods. Without warning, the two horses stop dead and rear up, frightened. As the COACHMAN tries to reign them in, a large tree GROANS and CRACKS beside the road...

...and FALLS onto the carriage, *crushing* it.

## EXT. EAGLE'S HILL CEMETERY - 1776 - DAY

Barnabas is foremost in a small group of MOURNERS. A priest delivers a benediction over a *pair of coffins*.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*Darkness had crossed an ocean to  
find them...to punish them for  
daring to flee...*

Barnabas leans over his father's open casket...

BARNABAS

(a whisper)

"Family is the only real wealth."

...and takes his father's ruby medallion for himself  
(we'll seldom see Barnabas without it again).

## A SINGLE TEAR

falls down his cheek. It's the last one he'll shed for a long, long time.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*Barnabas sought to end the family  
curse...*

## INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - 1776 - NIGHT

Barnabas sits alone -- haggard and exhausted; leafing through an old leather-bound tome -- one of *dozens* of books on the table before him.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*Obsessively searching for clues to  
 its origins; driving himself to  
 the brink of madness...*

He studies a terrifying illustration -- a depiction of the Gates of Hell: screaming souls being roasted alive; skewered on pitchforks as demons cackle around them. And above the gates -- a giant stone "M."

BARNABAS  
 (reading)  
 "Lo, above the Gates of Hell he  
 found a single letter -- a letter  
 proclaiming Satan's true name..."  
 (beat)  
 "Mephistopheles..."

As we DIVE CLOSER to the "M" above the gates...

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*But even then, in the depths of  
 his grief, not all was darkness...*

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (BALCONY) - 1776 - DAY

Barnabas shares a moment with JOSETTE DU PRES (18) -- as delicate a beauty as the world's ever known, as a MAID pours them tea inside.

JOSETTE  
 Promise we'll be together forever,  
 Barnabas.

BARNABAS  
 God as my witness, Josette -- I  
 swear it.

As they kiss, the maid -- a striking blonde named ANGELIQUE -- looks up from her work; ugly with envy.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HALLWAY) - 1776 - NIGHT

Angelique has cornered Barnabas. She has him against a wall, seducing him -- caressing him.

ANGELIQUE  
 Was I nothing more than a  
 plaything? A dalliance?

BARNABAS  
 You were a moment of weakness.  
 (thinks, then)  
 Well...several moments.

ANGELIQUE

Let me hear it, Barnabas -- let me  
hear you say "I love you,  
Angelique. I want you..."

He pushes her away.

BARNABAS

You would be hearing a lie.

Her disappointment becomes *something sinister*.

ANGELIQUE

You dare look down your nose at  
me? You dare think you're better  
than me?

BARNABAS

(thinks, then)

I am better than you, darling.

ANGELIQUE

(a dark beat)

You have no idea how weak you  
are...

As she storms off, we MOVE CLOSER to Barnabas...

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*Of all the hearts he could have  
broken; all the servants he could  
have spurned -- he picked the one  
with a secret...*

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (SERVANT'S QUARTERS) - 1776 - NIGHT

Angelique hovers over the fireplace, brewing some  
otherworldly concoction in a BUBBLING pot.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*He picked the witch...*

ANGELIQUE

(a chant)

*If he doth another choose,  
To lend his heart and eye,  
Then magic shall the slighted use,  
So all he loves will die...*

As she adds a lock of woman's hair...

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*And hell hath no fury like a witch  
scorned...*

EXT. THE WOODS NEAR WIDOW'S HILL - DUSK

Barnabas runs through trees and bushes, ignoring the LASHING of branches on his skin; desperate to reach --

EXT. WIDOW'S HILL - SAME

A half-finished lighthouse sits on the edge of a cliff. A tiny figure wanders over the rocks toward a 200-foot drop; her dress flapping in the gale. It's --

JOSETTE

staggering toward the precipice under a spell. Terrified, but powerless to stop.

JOSETTE  
(resisting)  
Help me, Barnabas!

BARNABAS

emerges from the trees behind her, just in time to see --

BARNABAS  
Josette!

-- *throw herself over the side and disappear.*

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
NOOOOO!!!

As she CRASHES onto the jagged, wave-beaten rocks below, Barnabas drops to his knees; weeps.

A BEAT of pure madness. He raises his head...

*Do it...do it before the fear sets in...*

He stands, runs toward the edge, and jumps! We FOLLOW HIM over the side; down until -- SMASH! -- his body collides with the jagged rocks next to his beloved.

But he's still alive. In fact...he's fine.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
(sitting up)  
What in God's -- AAAHHH!!!

He SCREAMS as fangs punch *their way through his gums*; as the color leaves his skin. SCREAMS as his *fingers lengthen* -- each one growing an extra spindly joint, and his hair straightens into sharp relief against his scalp.



Writhing on his back, transforming, as WAVES crash on all sides, he sees --

ANGELIQUE

looking down from the windy cliff above...

INT. COLLINSPORT HARBOR - NIGHT

Barnabas holds a FISHERMAN'S body in his arms -- his teeth and chin stained with blood. His face anguished.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*Not content with destroying all  
that he loved -- Angelique cursed  
him to be a monster with a thirst  
that could never be quenched; a  
life that could never be  
mercifully ended; eyes that could  
no longer shed tears...*

As he SCREAMS -- sickened by what he's done...

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - NIGHT

SERVANTS barricade the door as some unseen force PUMMELS it repeatedly from the other side -- ANGRY SHOUTING; torch light in the windows.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - SAME

Angelique has riled up a angry mob of TORCH-WIELDING TOWNSPEOPLE outside.

ANGELIQUE

And what of the deaths? The  
strange noises in the night? I  
tell you -- none of that was here  
before Barnabas Collins arrived!

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - SAME

Barnabas descends the grand staircase, looking as though he hasn't slept in weeks. He casts the staff aside with a wave of his hand and FLINGS the door open.

ANGRY TOWNSPERSON (O.S.)

There he is!

As Barnabas is beset by the mob --

EXT. THE FROZEN WINTER WOODS - NIGHT

Barnabas BANGS against the inside of an iron coffin as Angelique locks it's padlocks with a SILVER KEY.

The mob lowers the coffin into a cement tomb. Angelique looks down, smiling wide and kissing the key as the stone slab SLIDES shut.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*Resolved that he would never  
belong to her -- she turned his  
beloved town against him, and left  
him to suffer his anguish alone,  
in the dark, for all time...*

As the seal is closed, soaking us in BLACK, we hear the first notes of Simon & Garfunkel's "Sounds of Silence."

TITLE: **DARK SHADOWS**

*Hello darkness my old friend,  
I've come to talk with you again...*

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE SHORES OF MAINE - DAY

Just as we soared above Old Liverpool, we now DESCEND along a stunning sun-soaked coast, CLOSER to the gleaming silver train that winds its way along a twisting track.

TITLE: **1972**

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*My name is Victoria Winters...*

DOWN until we're riding along VICTORIA WINTERS (21) -- who looks like she could be Josette's 20th Century twin. As New England speeds past her window, she speaks to herself, rehearsing:

VICTORIA

My name is Victoria Win --  
(no, that's wrong)

Hello. My name is Victoria  
Winters. Please, call me Vicky.

EXT. PORTLAND TRAIN STATION - DAY

Victoria ("Vicky") drags her overstuffed suitcase onto the platform as the shiny Amtrak begins to roll away.

But the RUMBLE of the train FADES; everything SLOWS as she sees --

TWO COPS

Walking toward her from the other end of the platform.

Her body instantly tenses; her BREATH quickens...

*They've found me.*

All SOUND gone now -- nothing but Vicky's HEART pounding a hole in her chest as the COPS approach behind their mirrored sunglasses.

*It's all over...*

She looks over her shoulder as they near, desperate for a way out; room to run. But there's only a dead end.

Vicky turns back; drops her suitcase, ready to scream and struggle, until...

...the cops *pass her*. Uninterested. Oblivious.

A BEAT as Vicky EXHALES like never before.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

Vicky pulls the suitcase along the shoulder of the northbound highway, as uncaring car after uncaring car ZOOMS past her extended thumb.

At long last, a Volkswagen Bus takes pity on her frazzled frame and pulls to the side of the road. Its BEARDED HIPPIE driver leans over to the passenger window, and --

BEARDED HIPPIE

Going north?

As Vicky processes the dumbest question *ever asked...*

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUS (MOVING) - DAY

Vicky sits in front with the driver, while several of his free-loving HIPPIE FRIENDS convene in the rear.

BEARDED HIPPIE

So where you from, Veronica?

VICTORIA

New York. And it's "Victoria."

HIPPIE CHICK  
 (imitating)  
 "And it's Victoria." I love this  
 chick, man.

The others laugh. Vicky, not so much.

BEARDED HIPPIE  
 New York's a trip, huh?

VICTORIA  
 I guess.

BEARDED HIPPIE  
 Don't see a lot of people leaving  
there to come up here. Not 'less  
 they're on their way to Canada  
 with a draft card and a book of  
 matches.  
 (laughs)  
 What about you? What brings you  
 up to the ends of the earth?

VICTORIA  
 (a beat, then)  
 An old friend...

As they take the COLLINSPOUR exit --

EXT. COLLINSPOUR (MAIN STREET) - DAY

The VW PUTTS through the center of town. Once a lovely  
 little seaside hamlet, its buildings and prospects have  
 faded in the salt air: Braithwaite & Sons Jewelers; The  
 Blue Whale Tavern. But no structure has lost more of its  
 luster than --

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - DAY

High on a hill that overlooks the town and harbor below,  
 the old mansion is impressive by any measure: its 32  
 chimneys, 400 windows, 17 staircases. It hugs the  
 ground, heavy, a dragon curled in sleep. Its scales are  
 shingles, silvered by centuries of New England weather.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GATE/MAIN ROAD) - SAME

The VW SQUEAKS to a halt in front of the crooked, rusted  
 iron gates -- a small pumpkin patch just beyond them at  
 the base of the hill.

BEARDED HIPPIE  
You sure you wanna go up there?  
Looks kinda...fucked.

Indeed it does. But it also seems oddly...*familiar*.

Vicky considers her options: the strange old mansion, or the strange brood in the van.

VICTORIA  
I'll take my chances.

And she's off -- DRAGGING her belongings up the drive; taking in the snarled vines and crumbling gargoyles.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - MINUTES LATER

Vicky's bag flattens the weeds that shoot up between cracks in the cobblestones. A '56 Chevy Beauville station wagon sits in a heap nearby.

She pauses at the imposing Gothic door, engages the massive KNOCKER and waits.

Where once there were scores of servants chasing bells, WILLIE LOOMIS (40's) is the only one answering doors nowadays. He's the last loyal salty dog: part chauffeur, part bodyguard, infrequent grounds keeper and frequent drinker.

VICTORIA  
Victoria Winters? I'm here to see Elizabeth Stoddard?

WILLIE  
(a long beat, then)  
Ayuh...well, congratulations.

Neglecting to take her bag, he leads her into --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - DAY

Vicky follows him in.

WILLIE  
Sorry I couldn't grab you down in Portland. Damn wagon's been acting up, and Ms. Elizabeth won't spend the money to get it fixed.

Looking around, she's completely honest when she says...

VICTORIA  
It's beautiful.

WILLIE

A bitch to dust is what it is.  
Place was designed for a staff of  
a hundred. Now they got a staff  
of...me.

VICTORIA

Still, not every family has a  
house like this -- or a whole town  
named after them.

WILLIE

Come again?

VICTORIA

Collins, Collins-port?

WILLIE

Huh -- never got that. Makes  
sense though. They've been here  
since Jesus.

A framed portrait above the foyer's impressive fireplace  
shows Barnabas in his prime -- from his cane to the  
massive gold medallion around his neck. He looks like  
dark royalty. An American emperor.

VICTORIA

Who's that?

WILLIE

(studies, then)

Barnaby, maybe? "Barn" something.  
I dunno, one of the real important  
ones from way back. Back when  
they were rich rich people.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Barnabas...

ELIZABETH COLLINS STODDARD stands rather dramatically on  
the grand staircase (itself rather dramatic).

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

His name was Barnabas Collins --  
and he was the finest man this  
family ever knew.

She descends, her every movement calculated; refined -- a  
1930's movie star making a well-rehearsed entrance.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Welcome to Collinwood. You'll have  
to imagine us on a better day.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - MINUTES LATER

Set just off the foyer, this oversized study features a view across the grounds, extending to the ocean beyond.

A Lowrey Organ sits neglected beneath one of the large picture windows -- its brown keys covered in dust.

ELIZABETH

The house has some 200 rooms, most of them closed off to save on heating. There are six of us in all: myself, my daughter Carolyn, my brother, Roger and his son, David -- who you'd be chiefly concerned with; Willie, who you shouldn't be concerned with in the least, and Dr. Hoffman, who I suspect is sleeping off one of her legendary hangovers.

VICTORIA

And where is David's mother, if you don't mind my asking?

ELIZABETH

(a beat, then)

She was lost at sea when he was five. We don't discuss it -- not in front of David. He's had a rather...difficult time accepting her passing. I brought Dr. Hoffman up three years ago to work with him for a few weeks. She's been here ever since.

She gestures for Victoria to sit on the couch.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

There are just a few questions, if you don't mind. Things that weren't on the application.

VICTORIA

Of course.

ELIZABETH

How do you feel about the President?

VICTORIA

Never met him.

ELIZABETH

The War?

VICTORIA  
I don't watch television.

ELIZABETH  
Do you think the sexes should be equal?

VICTORIA  
Heavens, no.  
(beat)  
Men would become unmanageable.

Elizabeth gives the slightest of smiles.

ELIZABETH  
I think we'll get along just fine, Ms. Winters.

VICTORIA  
"Vicky." Please...call me Vicky.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HALLWAY) - DAY

Victoria and Elizabeth walk and talk.

ELIZABETH  
There's no telephone. The storms kept knocking out the line, and at a certain point, we took the hint.

VICTORIA  
What if there's an emergency?

ELIZABETH  
We manage. One thing you should know about the Collins family...we endure.

They arrive at the doorway of a young woman's bedroom -- complete with an Alice Cooper poster.

CAROLYN STODDARD (15) is a tigress wrapped in a girl's body. She's sprawled out on the bed, reading *The Sensuous Woman*. Like her mother, Carolyn has carefully rehearsed her first impression.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Carolyn, this is Victoria Winters.

Carolyn looks over, deciding whether it's worth getting up. It isn't.

CAROLYN  
You're from New York.



VICTORIA

I am.

Carolyn curls off the bed; slinks over to the door.

CAROLYN

What's Manhattan like? I'm going to live there when I'm sixteen.

ELIZABETH

Carolyn has a fantasy that I'm going to allow this.

CAROLYN

(daggers)

Mother has a fantasy that I won't run away if she doesn't.

(Vicky)

So...you're here to babysit the looney.

ELIZABETH

What have I told you about using that word?

VICTORIA

I'm here to teach David.

CAROLYN

Good luck...none of the others have lasted more than a week.

("good day")

Ms. Winters...

VICTORIA

Call me Vick --

Carolyn SLAMS the door in their faces. Judging by Elizabeth's complete lack of reaction, this is a daily occurrence.

ELIZABETH

She's a handful.

VICTORIA

She's fifteen.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DINING ROOM) - NIGHT

We COME OFF a needle being DROPPED into the black vinyl groove of a spinning record. As Donovan's *Season of the Witch* begins, Carolyn half walks, half dances away from the record player and takes her seat.

Elizabeth dressed for dinner at the head; ROGER COLLINS (35) smoking a cigarette beside her; Willie carrying out a silver platter and unveiling the main course -- it's all just a cheap imitation of being rich.

Vicky finds herself suddenly and inexplicably seated next to a woman swirling the ice in her highball.

DR. HOFFMAN

You're a liar.

DR. JULIA HOFFMAN is brilliant but batshit, an expert in disorders of the body and mind, Plath's poetry, and things that mix with bourbon. (Tonight, 7-UP).

DR. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

I can tell, you know. Just from a person's face.

(studying her)

Yours says, "I may look sweet and innocent, but I have secrets -- secrets that would make the hairs on your arms stand straight up."

As Vicky's heart begin to race again...

ELIZABETH

Leave her be, Julia.

VICTORIA

(realizing)

You're the doctor.

DR. HOFFMAN

And you're "the nanny," and he's the deadbeat, and she's "the bitch." Honey, how do you ever expect us to advance if we keep reducing each other to labels?

ROGER

Carolyn, will you please turn that infernal noise down?

But Carolyn's off in her own world -- writhing, animal-like to the tunes; eyes closed. At first, Vicky thinks she's the only one who sees --

A GHOST

appear in the doorway. Four feet tall; a white bedsheet with holes cut for the eyes. No one else seems to pay it any mind.

ELIZABETH  
(eyes on her plate)  
David, this is Vicky. She's going  
to be your new governess.

The ghost pulls its sheet off, revealing DAVID COLLINS  
(10) beneath. A sweet-looking boy -- all the energy and  
curiosity and movement you'd expect. But there's a  
darkness to him when he's still.

DAVID  
You ruined it! I was going to  
scare her!

David jumps into his seat -- kneeling on the cushion and  
attacking his food like a man with somewhere to be.

ROGER  
Goddammit! David, what've I told  
you about cutting holes in the  
sheets?

DAVID  
(vicky)  
I was going to scare you. Were  
you scared?

VICTORIA  
Terrified beyond belief.

David smiles. *Good answer.*

CAROLYN  
You don't have to be nice to him  
just because he's nuts, you know.

ELIZABETH  
Carolyn...

DAVID  
(eating)  
Carolyn touches herself. She  
makes noises like a kitten.

ELIZABETH  
David!

CAROLYN  
You little shit!

ELIZABETH  
Carolyn! Enough, the both of you!

The first of several uncomfortable silences.

VICTORIA

If I may -- what is the family business?

ELIZABETH

Seafood, Ms. Winters. We have a small cannery in town and contracts with a few boats.

CAROLYN

Yeah, rusty old boats that no one else will hire. And David's mother is on the bottom with one of them.

ELIZABETH

Carolyn, go to your room!

Carolyn gives her mother a "seriously?" look, then SLAMS her napkin down and huffs away. As she goes --

CAROLYN

Everybody in this house tip-toes around him! But nobody cares how I feel!

And she's gone, leaving another uncomfortable silence in her wake. Finally...

DAVID

She didn't die. She can't.

ROGER

Enough with that!

DR. HOFFMAN

(low again)

David believes his mother has some kind of...cyclical immortality. Fascinating, really.

DAVID

I feel her. She talks to me all the time.

Another uncomfortable silence, until --

VICTORIA

Well...I think ghosts are just people who've moved into a slightly different dimension than ours. Like they're caught in the static between two radio stations, you know?

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

And I think some people just have  
antennas strong enough to pick  
them up. There's actually  
scientific evidence to support --

ELIZABETH

("shut your mouth")  
Thank you, Ms. Winters.

Vicky slinks back into her seat, but the damage is done:

David Collins officially loves his new governess.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (VICKY'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Vicky (already in her nightgown) busies herself unpacking  
-- the door to her room wide open. She pulls a scarf  
from her suitcase, ties it around her neck, and looks  
into the dresser mirror.

Nothing but the open door and empty room behind her.

She turns back toward the bed. And GASPS.

A GHOST

is standing in front of her. Four feet tall; a white  
bedsheet with holes cut for the eyes.

VICTORIA

David, you startled me.

The ghost doesn't answer. Doesn't move.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Getting ready for Halloween, I  
assume?

No answer. CLOSER, we notice that the eyes don't blink.  
And that they aren't David's.

A subtle change comes over Vicky. Not fear -- not  
exactly. She reaches for the sheet; a boxer bracing for  
the familiar first punch. *The only one that really  
hurts.*

Pulls it off, slowly...

*The blurred, luminescent shape of Josette DuPres is  
crouched beneath it.*

JOSETTE'S GHOST

*He's coming...*

Vicky is strangely unfazed. Unafraid.

The message delivered, Josette's ghost turns and glides away. Only now, against the bulbs burning along the length of the hallway, do we see her translucence.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (ANOTHER HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky rounds the corner -- following the ghost as it glides along...

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky emerges at the top of the grand staircase.

Josette's ghost is high above the floor -- on top of the magnificent chandelier that dominates the space.

JOSETTE'S GHOST

*He's coming...*

She swan dives off the chandelier, falls gracefully and disappears into the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

In what used to be desolate wilderness, a night shift CONSTRUCTION CREW is building what looks to be a fast food restaurant.

ELECTRICIANS work on a giant sign (we don't get a good look at it just yet; but rest assured -- it's big and bright and yellow).

ELECTRICIAN #1

(wiring the sign)

They got us out here seven nights a week slapping this thing together. Remember when people used to take the time to build it right?

ELECTRICIAN #2

Listen -- long as they're paying time-and-a-half? I'll build it however they want me to.

A BACKHOE has been DIGGING a hole nearby. Now the engine STOPS, and the DRIVER jumps down to grab a cup of coffee.

But no sooner does he walk away, than:

-- The engine STARTS up on its own...

-- The levers in the cab begin to *move by themselves*, as if by the hands of a ghost!

-- The backhoe rolls forward and begins to dig the hole again -- deeper and deeper!

DRIVER  
(turns back, then)  
What in the name a'...

He runs back to his machine, but before he can reach it, the backhoe's bucket SCRAPES against something -- and a geyser of dusty air SHOOTs skyward!

All work stops; all eyes turn to the dust geyser as it dies down to NOTHING.

Seizing his chance, the driver leaps into the cab and CUTS THE ENGINE. As the Foreman runs over --

FOREMAN  
What the hell happened?!

DRIVER  
Damned if I know! It must've slipped into gear somehow.

FOREMAN  
(the geyser)  
Think it's a gas main?

DRIVER  
There ain't supposed to be anything out here!

Men cautiously climb down into the hole and clear some of the loose dirt off.

FOREMAN  
Looks like some kinda...door.

They're startled as a second, smaller burst of ancient air HISSES through the seams in the stone slab.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
Somebody grab me a prybar!

One of the workers obliges. The men huddle over the slab as the Foreman gets the bar under it and --

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
One...two...

On "three" they all SLIDE it out of the way in unison, revealing --

## AN IRON COFFIN

below, surrounded by stone on all sides. Thick chains and locks wrapped several times around it. The Foreman's eyes light up...

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

You gotta be shittin' me...

(another worker)

Grab me some bolt cutters!

DRIVER

You ain't gonna open it, are ya?

FOREMAN

Didn't you ever see "Treasure Island?" There's probably a million bucks in Spanish Doubloons in there! Why else would somebody put locks on a coffin?

The Driver doesn't know why you'd put locks on a coffin -- he just knows he has *very bad feeling* in the pit of his stomach.

A worker brings him the bolt cutters, and the -- SNAP! -- chains are cut, one at a time -- the suspense growing with every CUT, until all the chains are gone.

A unbearably tense BEAT as the Foreman reaches for the lid...

It BURSTS open! A cloud of dust flying out on the heels of a man in black: Barnabas Collins, leaping *impossibly* into the air as if pulled by invisible wires, then -- CRASH! -- landing beside the Backhoe on two feet!

And here, ladies and gentlemen, we see the Vampire Barnabas in all his terrifying power and glory for the first time:

-- The action moving quickly as he leaps through the work site like a rabid orangutan -- CRASHING into men and equipment!

-- Slaughtering the scattering workers one by one -- his movements unnaturally fast and precise.

-- Biting into neck after neck -- his razor-sharp fangs sending torrents of dark blood shooting through the night, until (in a matter of seconds) every last man is...

...dead. All except for the poor, fat --



FOREMAN

still trying desperately to climb out of the hole -- loose dirt and gravel caving in on him. When at last he reaches the top, the Foreman finds himself staring at a pair of boots.

BARNABAS

looks down at him -- dusty, squinting and wild-eyed.

BARNABAS  
(frightened/sincere)  
I'm terribly sorry. You...can't  
imagine how thirsty I am.

As Barnabas bears his fangs and attacks, we go --

HIGH AND WIDE

for a quiet BEAT...

With the feeding finished, Barnabas finds himself alone -- surrounded by strange yellow machines.

He's bathed in blood, and bathed in yellow light (the other work lights having been smashed in the moments before). He looks up from his prey for the source of this light -- slowly -- and sees...

A GIANT GLOWING YELLOW "M"

bearing down on him. To us, it's the golden arches of a future McDonald's. To Barnabas, it's --

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
"Mephistopheles..."  
(a terrified beat)  
My God...I've been remitted to the  
very gates of Hell...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Barnabas staggers along -- not sure if he's been imprisoned for days, months, or centuries.

Rhythmic light sweeps across the treetops at regular intervals, making the woods pulse with different levels of luminance.

BARNABAS  
 (the sweeping light)  
 Show yourself, Satan! Mock me not  
 with your strange skies!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Staggering out of the woods and onto a paved two-lane road. It's the first time he's ever seen such a surface.

BARNABAS  
 What curious terrain.

A point of light appears in the distance...

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
 (the lights)  
 What's this? Some specter  
 approaches...

Actually, a pair of *headlights* approaches. Small at first, but growing closer...brighter...

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
 I knew it...the eyes of the devil  
 himself; come to drag me to my  
 judgement!

Barnabas stands in the middle of the road, holding his arms wide. His head tilted back in a Christ pose.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
 Go on -- have at me devil! I  
 shall not resist! My soul is  
 prepared!

The car BLARES its horn, swerves and THUNDERS by -- Edgar Winter's *Free Ride* CRACKLING from its FM radio.

DRIVER (O.S.)  
 (distant)  
 Asshole!

Barnabas slowly opens his eyes. Turns. And sees the *lights of Main Street Collinsport* laid out behind him.

*Free Ride* still in our ears, we begin --

A MONTAGE

Of Barnabas wandering -- awe-struck -- down Collinsport's main drag, taking in the terrifying sights, sounds and fashions of small town '72:

-- Shocked by girls with nude lipstick and mini-mini skirts.

-- Studying the smooth metal surface of a parked '72 Dodge Challenger. Tracing them with his finger.

-- Staring, transfixed, at the town's sole traffic light as it cycles (red, green, yellow) over and over.

-- Standing on the old moonlit docks, where all the boats have lost their sails.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GATE/MAIN ROAD) - NIGHT

As Barnabas makes his way up the pumpkin-covered hill, he gets his first good look at:

MODERN-DAY COLLINWOOD MANOR -- his once-great home, now in dreadful disrepair. His angst deepens: What on earth?

BARNABAS

My magnificent Collinwood...what have they done to you?

WILLIE (O.S.)

(singing/drunken)

If the ocean was whisky, and I was a duck...

Barnabas glides into the shadows of a moonlit tree so that he may observe:

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I'd dive to the bottom and never come up...

Willie staggers down the hill into the pumpkin patch; flask in hand. He picks up a LARGE PUMPKIN, petting it like a puppy.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

But the ocean's not whisky, and I'm not a duck, so I'll keep on drinkin' and trust to my luck...

He takes a deep pull from a FLASK...then gives the pumpkin a taste -- liquor spills off it into the dirt.

Barnabas REVEALS HIMSELF DRAMATICALLY -- stepping boldly from the darkness and lifting his face to the moonlight.

BARNABAS

(presentational)

Do not fear me, drunkard!

And Willie is...not afraid. He's too wasted. Hardly notices him -- continuing to drink with his pumpkin.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

You shall not be harmed, so long  
as you tell me all I need to know.

WILLIE

(offering the flask)  
Here's all you need to know...

Barnabas BATS THE FLASK away -- *he must take another, more supernatural, tack.*

He lifts a hand, curling it into a tense claw, and -- for the first time -- we witness Barnabas' powers of --

HYPNOSIS

From Willie's POV: Time seems to stop. The world behind Barnabas twists and swirls into a deep spiral and BARNABAS' PUPILS swirl in the opposite direction.

BARNABAS

See me, derelict! Look into my eyes and tell me your innermost thoughts...

WILLIE'S EYES swirl as well until they then...start to close...he's passing out. Barnabas SLAPS HIS FACE.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Awaken!

Willie stands far straighter than he should be able to in his drunken state -- in Barnabas's thrall.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Good...now tell me...the Collins family -- they endure?

WILLIE

(hypnotised)  
Ayuh...three of 'em, anyway.  
There was four...but one split.

BARNABAS

Pray, what month is it?

WILLIE

October...  
(hiccups)  
S'why there's pumpkins.

BARNABAS

And the year?

WILLIE  
'72. No, wait -- '71.  
Ayuh...1972.

This last bit gives Barnabas pause.

BARNABAS  
"Nineteen..."

Still holding Willie entranced, Barnabas' eyes return to Collinwood -- the decay makes so much more sense now.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
My beloved home. I meant not to  
abandon you. I never shall again.

He looks to the still-rapt Willie...what to do?

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
You, uh...  
(suddenly grand)  
You shall be my loyal servant  
until such time as I release you.

He lowers his arm -- freeing Willie (all spirals fade).

WILLIE  
(a long beat, then)  
So...what first, master?

BARNABAS  
These living Collinses you speak  
of. I believe that it is time for  
us to meet.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

With Willie just behind, Barnabas steps up to the Manor's front doors, breathes in deep, and engages the KNOCKER.

WILLIE  
We could just go in...

BARNABAS  
No. I prefer to be led in and  
introduced properly by the  
household staff.

Barnabas notices Willie raise an eyebrow. Then:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
That's just you, isn't it.

Willie nods.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
(heading inside)  
Very well, then.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - NIGHT

The grand door CREAKS open and Barnabas steps in with a deep gasp, drinking in the view of his hallowed hall.

BARNABAS  
Have you ever seen such a majestic  
edifice?

WILLIE  
Every day.

BARNABAS  
(lost in grandeur)  
The perfect marriage of European  
elegance with the vigor and  
enterprise of the New World.

His constricted posture seems to melt. His awkward frame practically dances across the hall in admiration.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
Floors, hand laid by Dutch  
Craftsman, nine of whom died in  
the process. All considered it  
worth the sacrifice, I assure you.  
And the staircase...

Willie is still in the doorway, amazed by this display.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
Carved from the last thirteen  
trees of a once-great Carpathian  
Forest. The fireplace...

As he leaps to the hearth, we REVEAL --

DAVID AND CAROLYN

who watch with wide eyes as Barnabas fondles the mantle.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
Bricks from Holland. Plaster of  
horsehair and crushed oyster shell  
-- each containing a single  
pearl...

CAROLYN

Are you stoned or something?

Barnabas turns -- returning to his usual straight and strict posture. He almost looks petrified.

BARNABAS

They tried stoning me, dear. It didn't work.

(her outfit)

When did they start allowing women of the night on estate grounds?

Before Carolyn has a chance to process the insult --

DAVID

(shocked)

CAROLYN!

David has grabbed her arm and is pointing hard at --

THE PORTRAIT OF BARNABAS COLLINS

his finger sways from the painting...to the man. Side by side, the resemblance is...

BARNABAS

Uncanny. Isn't it? And we bear the same name.

(a slight bow)

I am Barnabas Collins, come to pay my respects.

DAVID

I'm David. Collins. Are we --

BARNABAS

Related? Distantly, you might say. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Master David.

He begins a another low bow, but it is interrupted by --

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Children, get away from that man right now.

The top of the stairs once again frames Elizabeth, who stares down with dour, suspicious concern.

CAROLYN

(Elizabeth)

I'm not sure, but I think he called me a hooker.

ELIZABETH  
That will do, Carolyn.  
(Barnabas)  
A word, please?

And she gives a polite but insistent nod towards --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth leads Barnabas in. As soon as the door SHUTS,  
all traces of civility leave her.

ELIZABETH  
Who are you and what do you want?  
If it's money you're after, I  
promise you -- you've come to the  
wrong place.

BARNABAS  
I understand your suspicion. A  
stranger arrives, claiming to be a  
distant relation -- the question  
of motive is to be expected.  
(beat)  
I assure you, my name is Barnabas  
Collins. My father built this  
house.

ELIZABETH  
Absurd. That Barnabas Collins has  
been dead for nearly 200 years.

BARNABAS  
Not dead, madam.  
(a distant beat)  
Death would've been a blessing  
compared to what I've endured.

ELIZABETH  
(hesitates, then)  
I admit, you bear a striking  
resemblance.

BARNABAS  
I should hope so.

ELIZABETH  
There have been others over the  
years -- all of them looking to  
take advantage of our family name.  
All of them looking for the same  
thing.

BARNABAS  
I can prove I am different.



ELIZABETH

How?

BARNABAS

Firstly, I do not come seeking money. Rather to provide it.

She raises an eyebrow; clever...but not enough.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Secondly, I know the body of this mansion as well as I know my own.

He moves toward the mantelpiece.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Every nook...every corner...

He pats a wall panel beside the mantel just right --

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Every secret.

And sure enough, a SECRET DOOR OPENS...revealing a sewing machine and spools of multicolored yarn on a recessed shelf -- its frame adorned with intricately-carved wooden wolves and cloudy skies.

ELIZABETH

That's now where I keep my sewing.

BARNABAS

A disgraceful misuse...

ELIZABETH

Impressive...but there are plenty of old houses with hidden doors. I hope you have a 'thirdly.'

BARNABAS

Indeed...

He reaches for the shelf and -- as if remembering an old combination -- opens each of the wolves' tiny mouths into a howl. A series of LOCKS, CHAINS and GEARS can be heard behind the wall...

The wooden clouds part, revealing full wooden moons beneath. With a deep GROAN, the shelf *splits in two* -- both halves SLIDING into the wall, revealing --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - HALL OF MIRRORS - SAME

A stone corridor -- one that Elizabeth *clearly* never knew of -- stretches into seemingly eternal darkness.

ELIZABETH

My God...

An old gas lantern and flint are right on the wall where Barnabas left them ages ago. He uses these to cast a glow, revealing dusty floor-length mirrors lining the sides of the hall -- each with a gilded frame.

BARNABAS

This...is my thirdly.

And with that, he forges ahead; lantern held high. Elizabeth waits in the doorway for a BEAT; cautious. But her curiosity wins out, and she follows along.

As they pass mirror after dusty mirror...

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Father had a flair for secret passageways and hidden rooms. As a boy I took it upon myself to discover each and every one. But this one...

The glow of Barnabas's lantern reaches a heavy door at the end of the passage -- a door decorated with an oversized "C" in gold-leaf.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

...this one was always my favorite.

He OPENS the door and continues into --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - FAMILY VAULT - SAME

A small but sparkling vault of jewels and glorious gold coins. In the center, prominently displayed on a pedestal, is the ruby medallion (the one his father once wore, and Barnabas donned in his portrait).

BARNABAS

Father once said "family is the only real wealth."  
(the treasures)  
Though clearly, he had nothing against the other kind.

ELIZABETH

(looking; breathless)  
We've been sitting on top of a fortune all these years...

Barnabas slips on his old medallion, and for the first time in 200 years, feels something like himself again.

BARNABAS

Tell me...what do you know of  
Barnabas Collins?

ELIZABETH

Just legends, really. He was  
confident; strong. Admired by  
all. But he also believed our  
family was cursed. And when his  
parents were killed, he went mad --  
insisting that a witch had turned  
him into a vampire.

BARNABAS

And what is known of his death?

ELIZABETH

(thinks, then)  
Nothing. Not that I know of,  
anyway.

BARNABAS

That, madam, is because he never  
died.

Barnabas steps back into...

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - HALL OF MIRRORS - SAME

He stands in front of a dusty mirror with Elizabeth  
behind him; his lantern held high.

BARNABAS

Instead, he was made to suffer  
two centuries of darkness while  
his beloved family wilted on the  
vine.

Barnabas wipes the coating of dust away, and --

THE REFLECTION

unearthed by his hand reveals a most unsettling sight:  
*neither Barnabas's hand, head, or any part of his body  
appears in the mirror!* His clothes seem to move in mid-  
air, as if worn by a ghost!

ELIZABETH

But that means...that means that  
you're a...

BARNABAS

A vampire, madam -- and  
regrettably so. But more  
importantly, I am a Collins.

(MORE)

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

And I give you my word of honor --  
neither you nor any under this  
roof need fear my cursed  
condition. But know this -- I  
mean to stay; to be a part of  
this family once again.

Her eyes meet his. She believes him.

ELIZABETH

Promise me you won't tell the  
others. Not now, anyway. I can't  
have my daughter or nephew running  
around with notions of ancient  
curses and...

("no offense, but")

Well...

BARNABAS

Monsters. So be it.

The pact is made in a silent moment. They do have a  
rapport that runs thicker than water: *family*.

ELIZABETH

In that case...welcome home,  
Barnabas Collins.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DINING ROOM) - MORNING

Elizabeth, Carolyn and David eat breakfast at one end of  
the long table -- sunlight streaming through the curtains.  
At the other end, Barnabas pretends to eat in the shade  
of drawn drapes.

BARNABAS

I was awakened by a smoking dragon  
with iron teeth! A giant letter  
"M" with the luminance of a  
thousand lanterns! I saw coaches  
without horses; ships without  
sails!

CAROLYN

(to Elizabeth)

He's not staying with us forever,  
is he?

DAVID

I like him.

ELIZABETH

(covering)

Yes, well -- I'm sure things are  
very different in England.

Dr. Hoffman enters holding an ice pack to her forehead --  
a cigarette dangling from her lips. She takes one look  
at the stiff stranger sitting in the dark, and --

DR. HOFFMAN

Who the hell's this?

ELIZABETH

Dr. Hoffman, this is our distant  
relative, Barnabas Collins -- come  
to stay with us from England.  
Barnabas, this is Dr. Julia  
Hoffman.

Barnabas stands and offers the doctor a low bow from  
across the room.

BARNABAS

My God -- a woman doctor...  
(the others)  
What an age this is!

DR. HOFFMAN

Is he for real?

ELIZABETH

I'm sure he's just tired from his  
long trip.

Everyone takes their seats and resumes eating for a BEAT.

BARNABAS

I see you've grown desperate  
enough to sell off the prized  
family silverware.

ROGER

But...how could you tell? These  
are exact replicas.

BARNABAS

Sir, had this fork been real  
silver, my hand would have burst  
into flames upon its slightest  
touch.

David and Carolyn are merely confused -- but Dr. Hoffman  
eyes him with hung-over suspicion.

ELIZABETH

(really covering/kids)

Yes, you -- you mentioned you had a terrible metal allergy.

(change the subject)

Anyway, the fishing business is all but gone; the Manor is nearly in ruins...

BARNABAS

Well I've returned. And in short order, so shall our fortunes.

ROGER

Good luck. Angie owns half the harbors in Maine.

BARNABAS

"Angie?"

ELIZABETH

She means Angel Bay. They've taken just about every port on the coast. They have a hand in our pocket and a knife to our throat.

BARNABAS

Then that is where my work begins. I shall restore the family business to its former --

Barnabas freezes. His fork DROPS from his hand onto the plate with a distracted clatter.

VICKY

stands in the doorway. Her eyes are locked on Barnabas. And vice versa. An instant connection.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

(whispered; lost)

Josette...

VICTORIA

(a beat, then)

Um. Hi.

DAVID

That's Vicky -- she's my new teacher. She believes in ghosts like me.

BARNABAS

(standing with a bow)

Surely you don't let them call you "Vicky." A name like Victoria is so beautiful I couldn't bear to part with a single syllable of it.

He stands and leads her by the elbow to an empty seat beside his. He sits...the two barely break eye contact.

ROGER

(back to business)

Yeah, well -- money might grow on trees where you're from. But here it's a little harder to come by.

BARNABAS

Do not concern yourself with my methods. I should like to see the cannery for myself. How soon can the horses be ready?

ELIZABETH

We...don't have horses. We have a Chevy.

BARNABAS

Very well. How soon can it be fed and ready?

Elizabeth looks to Willie, who gulps apologetically.

WILLIE

I dunno. I might be able to get her running by...tomorrow?

BARNABAS

Then today I shall reacquaint myself with the grounds...

(a look to Victoria)

And it's charming inhabitants.

Vicky tries to eat but she's transfixed -- slightly more at home with *him* somehow.

Her distraction leaves a spot of syrup on the tip of her nose. He lifts his napkin to dab it, and half of his hidden breakfast falls out onto the floor.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Ah. Sorry, I was saving that for the hounds.

(then:)

There are still...hounds, yes?

Elizabeth shakes her head: no.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET COLLINSPOORT - DAY

A Plymouth Barracuda ROARS down the main drag -- shiny and white; top down.

At the wheel is the very picture of the modern woman: pants suit and oversized sunglasses. Blonde bob and blowing scarf. A walking, talking ad for Eve cigarettes.

To us, this is the vile, demonic witch, Angelique. But to the townspeople, she's merely --

MALE SHOPKEEPER

Mornin' Angie!

Others stop and wave as she drives past: a grizzled FISHERMAN; the MAILMAN; a gaggle of SOCIETY LADIES --

SOCIETY LADY #1

(as the car passes)

Did you change your hair?

SOCIETY LADY #2

It looks divine!

SOCIETY LADY #1

And that scarf!

It's all a bit too perfect. One can almost hear Bobby Vinton singing "Blue Velvet." Angie turns off the main drag and onto --

EXT. COLLINSPOORT HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

-- the docks, where she pulls up to the harbor's one gleaming, well-maintained cannery: ANGEL BAY -- complete with it's family-friendly logo. (By contrast, the Collins family cannery looks like little more than a storage shed).

She pulls her Barracuda into a reserved spot marked: "Angie Bouchard, President."

As she KILLS the engine and checks her makeup in the rearview mirror, we MOVE CLOSER to the piece of jewelry dangling around her wrinkle-free neck:

THE SILVER KEY



*the same one that locked Barnabas away for all eternity --  
hung like a decorative trophy.*

INT. ANGEL BAY (PRODUCTION LINE) - MINUTES LATER

Angelique strolls confidently though the sprawling cannery floor -- machines CLANGING loudly; dozens of WORKERS busily cutting, processing and canning fresh haddock, tuna and cod.

She's followed by several MEN in hard hats, goggles and white coats.

HARD HAT #1

(yells over noise)

One of the seamers blew a clutch.  
It'll be two hours before it's  
back on line.

ANGELIQUE

Make it an hour. And start  
cracking the whip out here --  
everybody looks like they're  
moving at half speed today.

HARD HAT #2

Will do. Truth be told -- I think  
they're just a little spooked  
about what happened last night.

ANGELIQUE

What do you mean?

HARD HAT #1

Didn't you hear? They found  
eleven construction workers dead  
in the woods off Route Nine this  
morning.

ANGELIQUE

Well, accidents happen.

HARD HAT #1

It wasn't an accident. Some  
maniac ripped their throats out.

Angelique stops dead in her tracks; turns hard.

ANGELIQUE

Where off Route Nine?

SMASH TO:

## EXT. A CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The mostly-finished McDonald's sign is surrounded by a mess of police cars, fire trucks and such. DETECTIVES and CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHERS mill about, taking measurements and collecting evidence.

We COME OFF Barnabas's empty iron coffin -- its cut chains splayed out like tentacles at the bottom of the man-made crater. HIGHER now...until we see a lone pair of fashionable HIGH HEELED SHOES standing on the rim.

As Angelique looks down at the empty coffin, all sorts of unpleasant scenarios playing out in her head --

CUT TO:

## INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - NIGHT

Dr. Hoffman and Elizabeth have (what else?) a drink

DR. HOFFMAN

I don't know...he said some pretty bizarre shit, Liz. All that stuff about flaming silverware? Hounds and horses?

ELIZABETH

Well...things are different where he's from.

DR. HOFFMAN

You know what's even weirder? He believed every word of it -- which is more than I can say for you.

(leans in)

Who is he, Liz? Who is he really?

ELIZABETH

God, Julia -- can't we ever just have a drink? Why does everything have to be analysis?

DR. HOFFMAN

Classic deflection.

(drinks)

Well if you won't tell me who he is, will you at least tell me if you trust him?

ELIZABETH

(thinks, then)

Of course I trust him. Why else would I let him take David out for a walk at night?

Dr. Hoffman studies her for a BEAT.

DR. HOFFMAN

No, I'm sure you're right. I mean, what kind of woman would let her little nephew run off with a stranger unless she was certain it was safe?

ELIZABETH

(a beat, then)

You know, Julia...sometimes I really loathe you.

Dr. Hoffman takes another GULP of her Highball.

DR. HOFFMAN

(a smile)

First true thing you've said all night...

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HILLSIDE) - NIGHT

David follows Barnabas up the grassy hill -- the rhythmic crashing of WAVES growing louder with every step.

BARNABAS

Of all the facets of Collinwood, the part I most look forward to renovating is The Old House.

DAVID

The what?

BARNABAS

The first house my fath --

(catches himself)

-- our ancestors built on their arrival in the New World. Are you to tell me you've never ventured out this way?

DAVID

I've been out here plenty of times. I just don't remember a seeing a house. There's never been anything here but the...

They stop at the top of the hill...which is actually a CLIFF -- far below them, THE OCEAN splashes the rocks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...cliffs.

Barnabas re-checks his steps. He looks back at Collinwood...the ocean...the path they took.

BARNABAS

That means The Old House is...  
down there. Rather a severe  
hinderance in my plans for its  
restoration.

DAVID

It's must've fallen over the edge  
a long time ago. My dad told me  
the ocean eats away two whole  
inches of the cliffs every year.

Barnabas looks up the coast to Widow's Hill -- the last  
place he saw Josette alive.

BARNABAS

Yes, well -- these cliffs have a  
way of...taking things from us.  
Your father was wise to teach you  
as much.

David looks out at the ocean... thinking of his mother.

DAVID

One day? My dad's gonna fix  
everything. He's looking for ways  
to help us make the business good  
again.

BARNABAS

My father was the same way. He  
believed in the Collins family  
more fervently than he believed in  
anything else on earth.

DAVID

I wished Aunt Elizabeth believed  
in us the way my dad does. She  
says we're dinosaurs.

BARNABAS

(a beat, then)  
Says we're what now?

DAVID

Dinosaurs? You know...

Clearly Barnabas doesn't know.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DAVID'S ROOM) - NIGHT

David has a collection of plastic dinosaur figures laid out on his floor. He and Barnabas lay on their stomachs.

BARNABAS

(almost a gasp)  
Astonishing...

DAVID

They were bigger than houses.  
They had sharp teeth, and they  
could tear their prey apart. And  
they ruled the earth for millions  
and millions of years.

BARNABAS

You mean to say that the earth has  
existed for...millions of years?

DAVID

Billions. And then, all of a  
sudden? They disappeared forever.

(a beat)  
Didn't they ever teach you about  
dinosaurs in England?

BARNABAS

(a beat, then)  
Yes...yes of course they did.  
(stands)  
The Collins family are mighty  
dinosaurs as well, my boy. And we  
shall not vanish quietly from this  
earth, I assure you.

DAVID

But we don't have any money.

BARNABAS

Young man, we have nobility.  
History. We have a bloodline that  
can be traced to King Arthur  
himself.

(leans in; emphasis)  
Money comes and goes. Superiority  
is forever.

DAVID

You make it sound like we're  
royalty.

BARNABAS

We were. And we shall be again.

SMASH TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - LATE DAY

Willie's pumpkin patch basks in the late-day sun, not bothering a soul; just being ripe and orange, until --

SMUSH! The *front tires of a car* come plowing through!

Angie's Barracuda ROARS up the estate's grassy hill, avoiding the driveway and its many potholes.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - MINUTES LATER

KNOCKING, KNOCKING. Willie shuffles into the foyer from the dining room, wiping his hands on his apron.

WILLIE

(yelling/the door)

Yah, yah! I heard'ja the first  
twenty times! Keep yer goddamned  
panties...

He opens the door in mid-bark, but loses his bite when he finds Angelique waiting -- her golden hair a backlit halo in the late day light.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

...on.

ANGELIQUE

I'll do my best.

(beat)

A word with Barnabas Collins,  
please.

Willie tries (not very convincingly) to cover his shock at hearing the name:

WILLIE

He's uh -- who?

ANGELIQUE

Oh, I think you know who. Black  
hair; handsome features? Strange  
clothes covered in fresh blood?

WILLIE

(a beat, then)

Oh, ayuh -- him.

Angelique walks in like she owns the place, and stands in the center of the foyer. She can't help but marvel at:

ANGELIQUE

My, we have let this place go to  
hell, haven't we?

(MORE)

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
 (under her breath)  
 Right where it belongs...

Carolyn enters from the kitchen -- and her SNEAKERS  
 SQUEAK as she STOPS SHORT upon seeing Angelique. There's  
 a fear there.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
 (carolyn; a sneer)  
 Oh that's right. You. I almost  
 forgot. How have you been doing?

Unlike her, Carolyn backs away. She's confused by her  
 own primal fear of this woman. She exits timid and  
 wordlessly.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)  
 Ms. Bouchard...

Elizabeth descends the stairs, eyes sharp with dislike,  
 but she offers her hand with perfect etiquette.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 To what do we owe the pleasure of  
 a visit from our greatest business  
 rival?

ANGELIQUE  
 Nonsense. I'm just here on behalf  
 of the Council to welcome our  
 newest visitor to Collinsport.

ELIZABETH  
 He's asleep, I'm afraid.

ANGELIQUE  
 (toying with her)  
 During the day? How odd...

BARNABAS (O.S.)  
 What was that infernal banging!?!

ANGELIQUE  
 (to Elizabeth)  
 Ah! Guess you were wrong.

A disheveled, groggy Barnabas descends the grand  
 staircase, his long fingers shield his eyes from the  
 faint light that sneaks through drawn drapes.

ELIZABETH  
 Barnabas, we have a guest.

Barnabas notices this for the first time and his manner  
 gets more conciliatory. He squints through his fingers.

BARNABAS  
 (can't make her out)  
 My apologies, dear lady. I had no  
 idea. You must think me a fright.  
 (offering his hand)  
 Miss...?

Angelique's eyes marvel at him: *it's really him.* And,  
 the moment she takes Barnabas's hand, the dark reunion is  
 mutual.

ANGELIQUE  
 (quietly seething)  
 Hello, Barnabas. My name is Angie  
 Bouchard.

Their handshake becomes more of a thinly-veiled death  
 grip. The temperature in the room seems to drop a  
 hundred degrees. Willie marvels at the tension.

BARNABAS  
 (hate, polite hate)  
 So you are.

Barnabas stares her down, his eyes wild -- his skin  
 barely holding back the shock and rage burning beneath  
 the surface. *Not here...not in front of the others...*

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
 You know what I would very much  
 like to do with you?

ANGELIQUE  
 I can only imagine.

BARNABAS  
 (clenched teeth)  
 I'd very much like to have a word  
 in the drawing room.  
 (to Elizabeth)  
 If you'd excuse us.

And they both keep eye contact -- two old souls;  
 predators showing no weakness -- as they side-step  
 together toward:

SMASH TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

No sooner does the door CLOSE behind them than our  
 supernatural foes spring away from each other and take  
 defensive stances.



ANGELIQUE

You...

BARNABAS

Me? You!

ANGELIQUE

You're supposed to be --

BARNABAS

In an iron box?!? Alone with my anguish until the end of time?!?

ANGELIQUE

Something like that, yes.

BARNABAS

Give me one reason I shouldn't tear you apart where you stand!

ANGELIQUE

Because I'd destroy you if you tried.

BARNABAS

Have you any idea what you put me through? You killed the woman I love and cursed me to be this! This hideous creature!

A tense BEAT, broken by Angelique's laughter.

ANGELIQUE

That was ages ago. Get over it.

BARNABAS

You expect me to "get over" being locked in a box for 200 years?!?

ANGELIQUE

Don't exaggerate -- it was only 197.

BARNABAS

It was an eternity! And I shall not see my earthly reprieve tainted by your foul presence! I shall have you tried for witchcraft and burned at the stake!

ANGELIQUE

Things have changed while you were taking your little nap, Barnabas. My Angel Bay is Collinsport now.

BARNABAS

"Angel Bay..."

(beat)

So you're the one whose driven our business into the abyss.

ANGELIQUE

They love me here, Barnabas. I'm the only big fish in their little pond.

BARNABAS

Oh? And do the good people of Collinsport know that their beloved "Angie" is a bride of hell?

ANGELIQUE

Do you really think anyone would believe a word you said? I've been an upstanding member of this community for 200 years...in one form or another.

BARNABAS

Oh, your name may have changed but your form has always stayed the same: Queen of Filth. Harlot of the Devil. She-Beast to the --

She whips up a hand and, magically, the DOORS TO THE VERANDA swing open, letting in rays of daylight. Barnabas hisses and recoils into the shadows.

ANGELIQUE

The people of Collinsport are my worshippers now. And to them? You're just a stranger who's afraid of the sun.

(as she steps out)

Welcome back to the shadows, Barnabas Collins. I've missed you....

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - NIGHT

Even at this distance, we can hear the anguished exclamations of --

BARNABAS (PRE-LAP)

"Angel Bay!"

## INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - NIGHT

Elizabeth is alone with Barnabas, trying to sooth his melodramatic anguish, despite her own shock at the revelation of Angelique's true identity.

BARNABAS

The very audacity of the name  
summons vomit into the recesses of  
my mouth! For it has as its  
proprietor the devil herself!

ELIZABETH

I always thought there was  
something a little off about  
Angie.

BARNABAS

Oh, if my vampire eyes were  
capable of tears, I would flood  
the earth with my weeping!

ELIZABETH

Barnabas, you've done more for  
this family in ten days than I  
have in ten years.

BARNABAS

Angelique means to destroy us,  
Elizabeth. She hates me.

ELIZABETH

"Hate?" No, if she merely hated  
you, she would've killed you. A  
curse takes devotion.

BARNABAS

Fate sees fit to punish me  
forever! Has the infernal  
calculus of grief any limit? Any  
end?

ELIZABETH

Barnabas...

BARNABAS

What our ancestors did to incur  
such wrath I know not, but why  
must I bear the rotten fruit of  
our family's cursed tree?

He throws himself onto the organ; buries his head in his hands.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
My parents, taken. My true love,  
taken.

ELIZABETH  
And what did you do?

BARNABAS  
(a beat, then)  
I tried to kill myself by jumping  
off a cliff.

ELIZABETH  
You fought, Barnabas. When your  
parents were killed, you fought  
on!

Barnabas raises his head.

BARNABAS  
I did, didn't I.

ELIZABETH  
You tried to keep the family  
business afloat! Tried to find  
the source of our curse and  
extinguish it forever!

A raised head becomes a full-on raised body.

BARNABAS  
My God...you're right. I fought  
for the survival of our name.

ELIZABETH  
You fought because it's in your  
blood!

A raised body becomes a *standing* body -- defiantly erect!

BARNABAS  
In our blood, madam! And I shall  
fight again! We shall rebuild!

As The Carpenters' *Top of the World* begins, we enter a  
music-filled SEQUENCE of the next few months...

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - DAY

In silent COLOR SUPER-8, we see Willie drive up in the  
newly-repaired station wagon.

In the car's windows, we see DAVID'S reflection -- he's operating the camera. With the car parked, David PANS OVER TO --

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS restoring the Manor to its former glory.

EXT./INT. THE COLLINS CANNERY - NIGHT

With the family looking on, Barnabas uses a crowbar to ceremoniously pry open the chain-locked doors. As they FLING open...

We TRAVEL PAST HIM into the neglected cannery -- its seamers and conveyors a mess a cobwebs and dust; its floors riddled with rats and pools of standing water.

EXT. WIDOW'S HILL - NIGHT

David takes him down to Widow's Hill at night to see the lighthouse -- the source of the rhythmic, sweeping light that he mistook for Satan's handy work upon his escape.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - NIGHT

Elizabeth and Carolyn frantically try to keep Barnabas from ripping off the back of the TV set as Julie Andrews sings merrily in black and white on her variety show.

BARNABAS

What sorcery is this?!?

ELIZABETH

Calm down!

BARNABAS

(re: Julie Andrews)

Reveal yourself, tiny songstress!

EXT. COLLINSPORT HARBOR - DAY

The family (minus Barnabas, naturally -- he's not one for sunshine) looks on as workers restore the cannery's long-neglected facade, and --

INT. THE COLLINS CANNERY - SAME

Remodel and repair its interior: sprucing up machines, installing new lighting and painting its walls.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (BARNABAS'S BEDROOM) - DAY

David excitedly bursts into Barnabas's bedroom carrying a butterfly net.

DAVID  
(looking around)  
Uncle Barnabas! Me and Vicky are  
going down to the beach to catch  
hermit crabs and we want to you  
come with --

David stops as he sees something off-screen.

We WIDEN TO REVEAL Barnabas -- *hanging upside-down like a bat* from a chandelier.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
-- us...  
(beat)  
Uncle Barnabas?

BARNABAS  
This, uh...this is how we sleep in  
England.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Barnabas and Vicky watch David wade in the shallow water of low tide -- his pants rolled up to his knees. Hunting for hermit crabs with his net. Beautiful; tranquil.

EXT. COLLINSPORT HARBOR - DAY

A few newer boats docked by the smaller Collins cannery instead of the massive Angel Bay cannery -- their nets full of fish.

The Collins cannery's facade is being spruced up; expanded as more boats arrive.

INT. THE COLLINS CANNERY - DAY

Elizabeth FLIPS a switch that re-activates the cannery's production line. Tins of cod; tuna; haddock being filled, sealed and shipped...

As the song and sequence come to an end, we --

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE BLUE WHALE - NIGHT

The salty old bar on Collinport's main drag. Barnabas stands in the glow of its neon signs, Willie beside him.

BARNABAS

I remember when this was built.

WILLIE

Probably the last time they washed the glasses.

## INT. THE BLUE WHALE - NIGHT

A rowdy New England bar filled with FISHERMAN and CANNERY WORKERS. Low ceilings and smoky glass. Even at noon, it's midnight in here.

A JUKEBOX playing The Allman Brothers' *Ramblin' Man* is the sole concession to modernity.

Willie makes his way through the crowd with rat-like grace. Barnabas follows, unhurried. Everyone subtly moves out of his way without realizing they're doing it.

Willie stops at CLARNEY, a bearded, barrel-chested fisherman. Speaking up to be heard over the MUSIC:

WILLIE

Barnabas, this is Rob Clarney. He's got four boats, and the ear of every captain on the Grand Banks.

Clarney sizes up Barnabas, not sure what to make of him.

CLARNEY

And what's your care?

BARNABAS

To whom do you sell your catch, Mr. Clarney?

Clarney's shoulders go back; more aggressive.

CLARNEY

I got a contract with Angel Bay.

BARNABAS

So I'm told. And if I told you that I could offer a better one?

CLARNEY

(drinks, then)

I'd tell you to take a long walk  
off a short pier, Mr. Collins.  
There's such a thing as "loyalty"  
in this line of work.

BARNABAS

Ah, I see. I myself am a great  
believer in "loyalty." For  
instance...I believe that a man's  
handshake is his bond.

Barnabas holds out a handful of sparkling jewels.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Don't you agree?

CLARNEY

We, uh...might be able to work  
something out.

BARNABAS

How wonderful.

(beat)

Now, Mr. Clarney...if you'd be so  
kind as to introduce me to some of  
your fellow captains...

Off the twinkling jewels (and Clarney's twinkling eyes) --

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HALLWAY) - DAY

Barnabas is crouched, almost on his belly -- eyes locked  
down the hall, through Carolyn's open door. In her room  
bubbles a --

RED LAVA LAMP

Barnabas licks his lips. He's too focused to notice --

DR. HOFFMAN (O.S.)

Barnabas?

He leaps up and comes face-to-face with a suspicious  
glare.

DR. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Why are you staring into Carolyn's  
room?

He turns his attention back to --



BARNABAS  
(entranced/lava lamp)  
What...is...that?

DR. HOFFMAN  
(follows his gaze)  
It's...a lamp.

BARNABAS  
It looks like a -- like a  
pulsating blood urn...

She watches as he licks his lips again; swallows hard.

DR. HOFFMAN  
I think it's time I showed you my  
office, Barnabas...

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HOFFMAN'S) - MINUTES LATER

Barnabas lies on Dr. Hoffman's leather psychiatrist's  
couch, taking in the unique mix of pop psychiatry books,  
modern furniture and Gothic disrepair around him.

DR. HOFFMAN  
Do you know what a "psychiatrist"  
is, Barnabas?

BARNABAS  
The word is foreign to me, I  
regret. May I assume it is some  
sort of American delicacy?

DR. HOFFMAN  
It's a medical doctor who  
specializes in disorders of the  
mind. I'm a psychiatrist.

She strategically changes the subject.

DR. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)  
Where were you born?

BARNABAS  
In Liverpool.

DR. HOFFMAN  
And can you describe it for me?

BARNABAS  
(winces)  
Filthy!

(MORE)

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
The air is choked with soot and  
the streets reek of freshly-hurled  
chamber pots.

Dr. Hoffman's eyes narrow -- half in wonder, half  
suspicion. From the desk, she lifts a GOLDEN POCKET  
WATCH.

DR. HOFFMAN  
Do you have any experience with  
hypnotism, Barnabas?

She lifts the watch; lets it swing before him.

BARNABAS  
(eyes on the watch)  
I find it very useful, yes.

DR. HOFFMAN  
(soft; soothing)  
I agree. You know, sometimes we  
make up a fantasy world to help us  
erase horrible memories from our  
past, Barnabas. I find hypnotism  
cuts through all that.

BARNABAS  
(drifting)  
Interesting. I use it for other  
purposes.

DR. HOFFMAN  
May I hypnotise you, Barnabas?

BARNABAS  
I'm not so sure that would be --

But he trails off...hypnotised.

DR. HOFFMAN  
Good.  
(begins taking notes)  
Now, I'd like you to tell me a few  
things.

BARNABAS  
(hypnotized)  
Where shall we start?

DR. HOFFMAN  
Let's start with...everything.

SMASH TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - LATER

Dr. Hoffman SLAMS THE DOOR behind her. Elizabeth considers her from the fainting couch.

DR. HOFFMAN  
He's a vampire?!?

ELIZABETH  
(bolts upright)  
Keep your voice down!

Dr. Hoffman is across the room in seconds.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
What on earth are you talking about?

DR. HOFFMAN  
Oh, spare me! I had him under hypnosis for hours.

ELIZABETH  
Barnabas?

DR. HOFFMAN  
There's a point where all delusions fail, Liz, but his didn't budge! He told me everything -- including the fact that you've known what he was since the minute he walked through the door!  
(beat)  
Why the hell didn't you say anything?

Elizabeth shrinks. There's no point in lying anymore.

ELIZABETH  
I was protecting the children.

DR. HOFFMAN  
By letting a vampire use one of the guest bedrooms?!? Do you know he admitted killing those men at the construction site? He's a murderer!

ELIZABETH  
He's a COLLINS!  
(composes herself)  
And a good man. These days that's a desperately rare combination.

DR. HOFFMAN

Oh, yes -- the family that can do no wrong. I almost forgot.

ELIZABETH

I'm surprised at you, Julia. I would think a physician like you would find him...fascinating.

DR. HOFFMAN

(thinks, then)

Sure -- medically, psychologically, and...physically, he's fascinating. Which is exactly why I came to instead of going straight to the police.

ELIZABETH

Then be fascinated, Julia -- but if you have an ounce of love or respect for this family in your heart...keep your mouth shut.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (CAROLYN'S ROOM) - DAY

Barnabas sits politely on Carolyn's frilly bed. His great-great-great grand-niece sits beside him -- as far away as the edge of the bed will allow.

CAROLYN

I don't feel comfortable talking to you about this.

BARNABAS

I simply seek a bit advice in the art of courting a woman of this ti --

(almost said "time")

"Land." Of this land. After all, who better than a woman of your age -- what is your age, if I may?

CAROLYN

Fifteen.

BARNABAS

Who better than a woman of fifteen to --

(stops cold)

My Lord, fifteen and no husband? We must put those birthing hips to good use before your womb shrivels and dies!

She stares him down -- are you out of your mind?

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
A joke, my dear -- a bit of fun!  
David tells me women these days  
are commonly married as late as  
twenty; even twenty-one. You  
have time yet for dalliances.

CAROLYN  
(a beat, then)  
You're weird.

BARNABAS  
We're all a bit queer darling.  
It's nothing to be ashamed of.

He whispers to her -- almost sounding like a schoolgirl:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
Do you think me too...queer for a  
woman of this land?

CAROLYN  
You obviously mean Vicky.

BARNABAS  
(imagining)  
She has the most fertile birthing  
hips...

CAROLYN  
And yes, you're way too weird.

BARNABAS  
(taking it to heart)  
Do you really think so?

CAROLYN  
Yeah. You're all stiff and proper  
and old fashioned.

BARNABAS  
And Victoria? She isn't...proper?

CAROLYN  
She likes to pretend she's Disco,  
but she's a Carpenters kind've  
chick, for sure.

BARNABAS  
I had no idea she was woodworker  
by trade.

CAROLYN

The Carpenters are musicians,  
stupid.

BARNABAS

Ah! Music! Yes, I'm rather fond  
of the music of the day.

Barnabas breaks into an achingly soft a capella rendition  
of *The Steve Miller Band's "The Joker."*

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

*For I am a picker, I am a grinner,  
I am a lover, and I am a sinner --  
playing my music in the sun...*

(a beat, then)

If only Shakespeare had been as  
eloquent...

CAROLYN

Listen -- if you want to get down  
with her, you've got to change up  
your approach. You've gotta drop  
the whole, weird swinging London  
thing and spend some time around  
normal people...

We MOVE TOWARD Barnabas; the sound of NIGHT WOODS  
growing louder by the second...

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCADIA NATIONAL FOREST - NIGHT

Hidden here in the woods, a circle of VW buses (including  
the one Vicky arrived in) forms a modest HIPPIE CAMPSITE;  
one of the last outposts of peace and love in a world  
tilting toward Disco.

Within this circle, a collection of HIPPIES bob their  
heads and impart wisdom around a fire, including our old  
friends from the van:

BEARDED HIPPIE

You know what's good about this  
war, man?

ALL HIPPIES

Good?/No way, man!/Who's this guy?

BEARDED HIPPIE

Naw naw naw -- listen to me.  
What's good about this war is that  
it's so bad that it's gonna be the  
last one!

The hippies nod and "right on" at this -- *great point, man*. In the midst of these flower children, looking more out of place than anyone ever has, is --

BARNABAS

wearing a tie-dye bandana and John Lennon sunglasses. He fits in...not at all.

HIPPIE CHICK

(next to Barnabas)

Uh-huh. And this "last war" we're in the middle of...who wins?

Everyone can tell the question is a challenge. They look to the Bearded Hippie, who nods - considering. Then:

BEARDED HIPPIE

Peace wins, man.

The other Hippies CHEER and CLAP at this.

BEARDED HIPPIE (CONT'D)

Peace wins every war...

Barnabas CLEARS HIS THROAT -- HARD. It silences the campsite -- gruff, Gothic, and pained. This is the best he can do at making conversation:

BARNABAS

You speak of "peace." Well I've very recently spent two centuries locked in a box -- staring into the all-consuming void; the dark shadows of one's soul. I spent the first century adrift on an ocean of madness -- until at last I washed ashore on a tranquil island of the mind. But it was a false peace, you see -- for I'd simply gone even more insane.

BEARDED HIPPIE

Heavy.

BARNABAS

Indeed. In that mad, dark solitude -- when one's eyes can no longer look outward; one has no choice but to turn them in. And so I spent half of my confinement looking at myself -- coming to terms with the scoundrel I'd been in life. Giving pennance for a multitude of misdeeds.

(MORE)

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

And at the end of this hundred years' self-examination, I arrived at a single, elegant truth:

(beat)

All you need is...love.

The Hippies nearly *lose their minds* SHOUTING and CLAPPING their approval. Barnabas is oblivious to the Lennon/McCartney-ness of his sentiments.

HIPPIE CHICK

Man...you tripped for a century.

BARNABAS

And great purpose, methinks. For I've fallen in love with a girl...

The circle OOHS and AAHS; throwing daisy chains at him.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Alas...I know not how to win her tender affections, for I am a relic in her eyes.

BEARDED HIPPIE

That's what they say about us, man!

BARNABAS

Where I'm from, the love a woman is won by giving land to their father.

Hippie Chick scowls at this. She's not the only one.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Or sheep. And, if the love was earnest enough, perhaps even a combination of the two.

HIPPIE CHICK

Women don't care about sheep or land, man.

BARNABAS

Are you certain?

HIPPIE CHICK

Love, man. Tenderness. Chicks dig heart, man.

BARNABAS

(thinks, then)

A heart...

(stands; grandly)

(MORE)



BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
Then a heart she shall have! A  
living, beating heart!

The others CLAP and WHISTLE their approval. When at last  
the cheers die down...

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
(everyone)  
You have my deepest gratitude,  
really. Please know that it is  
with sincere regret that I must  
now kill all of you...

The Hippies look at each other -- *what did he say?*

And in that moment of confusion, Barnabas's fangs  
descend, his eyes go wide and we --

SMASH TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HOFFMAN'S OFFICE) - DAY

Dr. Hoffman gives Barnabas a physical; his shirt off.

BARNABAS  
If God will not aid me, I shall  
become the agent of my own  
salvation.

DR. HOFFMAN  
I suppose we could try a gradual  
transfusion. Try and purify your  
blood.

BARNABAS  
And God willing, my soul with it.

DR. HOFFMAN  
I should warn you, Barnabas --  
there's little to suggest it'll  
work, medically speaking.

BARNABAS  
Have faith, doctor. If a man can  
become a monster...then a monster  
can become a man.

She lowers her stethoscope.

DR. HOFFMAN  
Why become a man, Barnabas? Why  
sacrifice the gift of eternal  
youth? Look at me -- every year I  
get half as pretty and twice as  
drunk.

Barnabas looks her up and down.

BARNABAS

If that is true, madam, you must have begun life as the most beautiful creature that ever lived.

Maybe it's the booze, but we could swear that the cynical, world-weary doctor almost giggles.

DR. HOFFMAN

Barnabas...are you aware of the concept of doctor/patient confidentiality?

BARNABAS

I am afraid not. Perhaps you would be kind enough to enlighten me.

DR. HOFFMAN

(bites her lip)

Drop your shorts and I will...

As she jumps him, to his sincere surprise --

EXT. ANGELFISH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Seagulls perch upon that smiling logo, CRYING out.

BOARD MEMBER #1 (PRE-LAP)

Maybe we're getting too worked up about this, Angie...

INT. ANGELFISH - SAME

Angie leads a board meeting. It's worth noting that all of her UNDERLINGS are men.

BOARD MEMBER #1

I mean, they're sprucing up their cannery and renovating their house. So what? We still hold the pink slips on ninety-five percent of the nets being dragged though the Grand Banks.

BOARD MEMBER #2

He's right -- it doesn't mean anything to our bottom line.

ANGELIQUE  
 (a beat, then)  
 "Doesn't mean anything?"

A collective GULP from the others as Angelique stands and walks to a row of paintings on the wall -- portraits of all the past presidents of Angel Bay. All are blonde women, and all look *astonishingly* like Angie.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
 My great, great grandmother started this company to show those entitled bastards that they don't own this town. That they can't look down their noses at us. That, gentlemen, "means" something. It's taken the Bouchard women generations to undo the Collins stranglehold on these waters...and I'll be damned if I'm going to give back a single drop.  
 (board member #1)  
 I'd like you to call and arrange a meeting.

BOARD MEMBER #1  
 But...they don't have a phone.

ANGELIQUE  
 (a simmering beat)  
 Then...I suggest you write them a letter...

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (CAROLYN'S ROOM) - DAY

Vicky (cigarette in hand) and Carolyn sit on the floor beside a frilly pink bed, cracking up.

VICTORIA  
 (laughing)  
 He didn't!

CAROLYN  
 Right there on my bed, I swear. He started singing Steve Miller Band, and talking about your hips.

VICTORIA  
 What?

CAROLYN  
 He's got the hots for you, big time.

Vicky takes a drag, and...

VICTORIA

I don't know. He's  
strangely...cute.

CAROLYN

Emphasis on "strangely."

...hands the cigarette to Carolyn.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

(the cigarette)

If you tell my mother...

VICTORIA

Carolyn, if I tell your mother,  
it'll be my ass, not yours.

(beat)

If you don't mind my saying  
so...it seems like the two of you  
are having a pretty hard time.

CAROLYN

She doesn't understand what it's  
like to be me. What I'm going  
through. Nobody in this stupid  
family does...

VICTORIA

I know it might seem that way,  
Carolyn -- but trust me...these  
are things all young women go  
through.

CAROLYN

Look...you seem cool. And I know  
this is supposed to be us having  
girl talk and all, but trust  
me...you don't understand, either.

INT. STATION WAGON (MOVING) - NIGHT

Barnabas rides shotgun, being chauffeured onto the main  
drag by Willie, who startles at FLASHING RED LIGHTS up  
ahead.

WILLIE

(the lights)

Aw, shit...

Willie reaches into his coat pocket (he's clearly been  
through this routine before).

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Here...anybody asks, it's yours.

He hands his FLASK to Barnabas, who sniffs its contents and recoils as they roll up to --

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT - SAME

A Cop (the same one we saw following Vicky's van earlier) halts them and steps over to Willie's window.

WILLIE  
(overly friendly)  
Evening, officer! Nothin' for us  
law-abidin' folks to fret over, is  
there?

The Cop leans in and rests on the windowsill.

COP  
'Fraid there is, Willie.

WILLIE  
(busted)  
Now listen, Hank -- I know my  
papers ain't exactly up to --

COP  
Been another'a them multiple  
homicides. Ayuh. This one up'n  
Arcadia. Just a bunch'a long-  
hairs this time, thank God.

Willie silently EXHALES with relief, while Barnabas leans back in his seat -- guilty.

COP (CONT'D)  
Nasty business, though. Looked  
like a grizzly'd been through 'em.  
Real messy eater too.

BARNABAS  
(nervous; snippy)  
Perhaps look for a bear then? And  
then criticize his eating habits?

The Cop sneers in. Willie whimpers:

WILLIE  
Sorry. He's English.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGELFISH - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Willie sits in the station wagon, singing along with the  
RADIO. As he takes a nip from his flask...

INT. ANGELIQUE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Barnabas sits across from Angie at her imposing desk -- centuries of passionate hate sparking between them.

ANGELIQUE  
...those are my terms.

BARNABAS  
And why should I sell? How can  
you put a cost on the very  
business that built Collinwood  
itself?

Angelique slides a SLIP OF PAPER across the table.

ANGELIQUE  
Like this.

Barnabas looks at the slip; reads a number on it. A big one.

BARNABAS  
(shocked; childlike)  
Is there even this much money in  
the world?  
(then: cocky)  
I had no idea my business acumen  
was giving you so much trouble.

ANGELIQUE  
Grossly overpaying isn't "business  
acumen," Barnabas.

He stands.

BARNABAS  
The answer is no, Angelique. Here  
are my terms: Goest thou to hell,  
and swiftly, please. And there,  
may multi-headed Cerberus himself  
suckle from your diseased teet.

Her eyes betray that, inside, she is seething -- but:

ANGELIQUE  
(amused)  
Listen to yourself, Barnabas. No  
one talks like you anymore.

BARNABAS  
I admit...this age remains a  
mystery to me. But there are  
timeless truths, madam.

ANGELIQUE

Like love.

BARNABAS

Like evil! Betrayal!

ANGELIQUE

(closer)

Like denial.

BARNABAS

Give me one reason why I shouldn't kill you right now.

ANGELIQUE

Because I'd kill you if you tried.

BARNABAS

Impossible. That would require mercy. You made me this -- a monster!

ANGELIQUE

We're both monsters, Barnabas. Misunderstood monsters.

She stands. Moves to him.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Just two big fish in an itty, bitty pond. Now, we can either fight until one of us is dead...or we can make little fish together.

If Barnabas could blush, he'd be blushing.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

I'll be honest -- I was really, really angry at you for the first century or so. Sure -- it was fun watching your family squirm and burn away like ants under a magnifying glass. And yes, it was fun being adored as the Collins name crumbled; growing wealthy on the backs of their despair. But lately? Lately it's just been...

(hard to admit)

...lonely.

Closer now...seductive.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

We're different from these people, Barnabas. We're better than they are.

(MORE)

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
That's why I've missed you...  
(a beat)  
You're the only ant I couldn't  
burn.

He pushes her away.

BARNABAS  
What do you want, Angelique? What  
more can you possibly take from  
me?

ANGELIQUE  
Your love!

BARNABAS  
There is not enough time in God's  
imagination to make me love you.

ANGELIQUE  
Then I'll make you.

BARNABAS  
With what -- a spell? A little  
doll filled with pins? That isn't  
love.

Opens her blouse, revealing her nakedness.

ANGELIQUE  
With this...

Barnabas is completely caught off guard.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
Your lustful history betrays you,  
Barnabas. This is still the body  
you once begged me for.

BARNABAS  
(a gulp; she's right)  
I must admit. It hasn't aged a  
day.

ANGELIQUE  
I'll call it all off, Barnabas.  
Everything I have planned against  
you and your family if you just...  
(bosom heaving)  
...take me.

BARNABAS  
T-t-take you?



ANGELIQUE

Take me...or I'll take everything  
you love -- starting with that  
little creature you've been eyeing  
so fondly. The one who looks like  
Josette.

BARNABAS

(lying to himself)

Well...then I suppose...strictly  
in the name of her honor, and my  
family's good name, I must now  
defile your most intimate and  
womanly segments...

And as The Eagles "Witchy Woman" kicks in, he *takes her*  
with superhuman speed and fervor. Our mortal eyes see  
only a woman writhe in delight within a:

SEXUAL WHIRLWIND -- moving so fast, we barely make out as  
she is grasped, pushed down onto her desk and...well...

TIME CUT:

Clothes lie everywhere. Barnabas is exhausted on the  
floor. Still up on her desk, Angelique smokes a  
cigarette in a holder. She's in heaven, but:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

That was...a regrettable turn of  
events.

ANGELIQUE

You didn't seem to regret it.

BARNABAS

It seems that even in death, I  
have the weaknesses of the living  
flesh.

ANGELIQUE

What a cold way to describe what  
we just did.

BARNABAS

I shall not succumb to your charms  
again! Know that my family comes  
before all! Know that I shall  
defend them against your assault!

ANGELIQUE

You don't seem to grasp the  
obvious -- if I can't have you,  
I'll destroy you.

(beat)

(MORE)

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Which would be a shame, since  
having you is so much more fun.

BARNABAS

I shall fight you to the last!  
Conjure what witchcraft you may.

ANGELIQUE

"Witchcraft?" No, no honey -- I  
go jet setting around on my  
broomstick and shooting fireballs  
out of my wand, and suddenly it's  
a lot harder for me to get elected  
treasurer of the Ladies Supper  
Club. No, all that's so...18th  
Century. This is the 70's,  
Barnabas...

(beat)

Politics is the new witchcraft.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING HALL - NIGHT

The old hall's seen a lot over the years: VFW dances and  
summer stock plays; wedding receptions and bake sales.  
At the moment, it's practically empty -- save for rows of  
folding chairs, and a lectern -- where Angie stands  
before three men -- THE TOWN COUNCIL (all lanky, 60s -  
80's). They stare back with jaws dropped.

TOWN COUNCIL #1

You want us to do...what now?

She smiles with devilish importance.

ANGELIQUE

Shut them down. For good.

TOWN COUNCIL #2

(a beat, then)

But Angie, the Collins family's a  
vital part of this community.

TOWN COUNCIL #3

They founded the town, for Pete's  
sake.

ANGELIQUE

That was centuries ago! Tell me  
one thing they've done for the  
people of Collinsport since the  
three of you were born.

The Councilmen trade looks between themselves.

TOWN COUNCIL #3

But...they founded the town.

ANGELIQUE

A town that's seen more than its share of darkness.

A hush falls over the men. They're in uncharted waters.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Listen...you know it and I know it. There's always been something a little...off about this place.

TOWN COUNCIL #1

Angie...you know folks don't like to talk about --

ANGELIQUE

The old legends? The strange howls at night? Sailors seeing ghosts; ships disappearing into thin air...eleven dead workmen off Route Nine, and now more slaughtered in Arcadia?

TOWN COUNCIL #1

You don't think...you don't think they had anything to do with that, do you?

ANGELIQUE

Can I prove it? No. But I know this -- those men met their tragic end precisely when Barnbas Collins showed up.

TOWN COUNCIL #1

Angie, Heaven knows you're a friend to this town.

TOWN COUNCIL #3

A model citizen.

TOWN COUNCIL #2

A figurehead, for Pete's sake.

TOWN COUNCIL #1

But you can't just go closin' down canneries 'cause you feel like it.

(beat)

This is Maine.

TOWN COUNCIL #2

Without proof, we're powerless.

ANGELIQUE

(a beat, then)

Fine...if it's proof you want,  
I'll give it to you. And when I  
do, this town will be so terrified  
of the Collins family that they'll  
be trading in their fishing rods  
for pitchforks. Trust me...

(a beat, then)

...I've seen this sort of thing  
before.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DINING ROOM) - NIGHT

The family has gathered for dinner -- a decidedly more  
elegant affair than we've seen thus far.

ELIZABETH

A what?

BARNABAS

A ball! And a splendid one at  
that, for our newly-restored Manor  
deserves nothing less for its  
official unveiling.

ELIZABETH

A ball for who?

BARNABAS

For the entire town, of course.

CAROLYN

Yeah...you know the whole town  
kind've hates us, right?

BARNABAS

Precisely why we must throw it, my  
dear. Balls are more than  
celebrations! They're  
demonstrations of power. Of  
social authority. Balls are how  
the ruling class remains the  
ruling class. And so we shall  
throw a lavish one the likes of  
which this house has never seen!

ROGER

You know, he's got a point -- it's  
about time we threw a little dough  
around. Show the peasants that  
we're back in action.

As Barnabas and Elizabeth share a disdainful look --

DAVID

Can I go to the ball?

BARNABAS

I wouldn't dream of throwing it  
without you, my boy.

CAROLYN

People don't throw "balls"  
anymore, stupid.

BARNABAS

Don't they?

CAROLYN

They throw happenings.

A BEAT as Barnabas processes that.

BARNABAS

And what, pray, happens at a  
"happening?"

Carolyn eyes him over a copy of *Rolling Stone* -- seeing  
her angle.

CAROLYN

Well, first things first, you'll  
need a Mirror Ball...

BARNABAS

Whatever that is, we shall have  
it!

CAROLYN

And booze. Lots of alcohol.

ELIZABETH

Carolyn --

BARNABAS

We shall have spirits enough to  
fill a schooner's hull!

Off her magazine -- featuring *Alice Cooper* on the cover.

CAROLYN

And then you'll need...Alice  
Cooper.

BARNABAS

I seem to remember an "Alice  
Cooper" from my youth. Does she  
reside in Collinsport?

CAROLYN

Not exactly.

BARNABAS

Well -- she shall be our guest  
nonetheless!

(stands; grandly)

Let this be the greatest Happening  
in the history of Collinwood!

Carolyn dives back into her magazine, a wry smile on her  
lips -- her job well done.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HOFFMAN'S OFFICE) - DAY

Barnabas sits on the couch, an i.v. hooked to both arms.  
Both plastic tubes run to a filtration machine of Dr.  
Hoffman's invention. It HUMS appropriately.

On TV, the Scooby Doo gang faces another mystery.

VELMA (T.V.)

Wolves are four-legged animals.  
But these were made by a two-  
legged one.

THE GANG (T.V.)

A WEREWOLF!

SHAGGY (T.V.)

W-w-w-werewolf!?!

Dr. Hoffman walks in with a fresh drink.

DR. HOFFMAN

Five more minutes.

BARNABAS

This is a silly play.

DR. HOFFMAN

Yeah, well it's the only station  
we get out here.

(the i.v)

How are we doing?

BARNABAS

I don't feel as though I'm  
becoming more...human.

DR. HOFFMAN

Give it time, Barnabas.

BARNABAS  
Time, doctor, I have an  
unfortunate excess of.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (VICKY'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Vicky tosses and turns beneath her sheets; her sleep troubled.

FLASH TO:

INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM - DREAM - DAY

YOUNG VICKY (10), sits on her bed, enjoying a pleasant conversation with the *glowing ghost of Josette Du Pres*. However, to her --

PARENTS

who look on quietly in the doorway, she's talking and laughing with no one.

EXT. A MANSION (FRONT ENTRANCE) - DREAM - DAY

Her parents watch, emotionless as young Vicky is carried off by the ubiquitous MEN IN WHITE COATS. She's thrown into a car and driven off as she presses her face to the rear window -- SCREAMING for them; sobbing...

BACK TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (VICKY'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Vicky darts awake; clutching her chest. It takes her eyes a moment to adjust...to find --

THE GHOST OF JOSETTE

hovering in her doorway.

JOSETTE'S GHOST

*Help me...*

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (ANOTHER HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky once again follows the ghost as it glides along...

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - NIGHT

...and emerges at the top of the grand staircase, alone  
(or so she thinks).

JOSETTE

Help me...

VICTORIA

Help you what?

Too late. Josette performs her nightly swan dive off the  
chandelier without an answer.

DR. HOFFMAN (O.S.)

You alright?

Startled, Vicky turns and finds Dr. Hoffman behind her.

DR. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

You look like you saw a ghost.

VICTORIA

A..a ghost?

(recovers)

Don't be silly. I was just -- I  
couldn't sleep, that's all.

Dr. Hoffman knows she's holding something back.

DR. HOFFMAN

You know, I've got plenty of room  
on my couch if you ever want to  
talk. Flexible office hours, too.

VICTORIA

I appreciate it.

DR. HOFFMAN

But?

VICTORIA

I...I just have a hard time  
trusting doctors. No offense.

DR. HOFFMAN

None taken. David's the same way.

VICTORIA

(a "David" beat)

Do you really think he's...

DR. HOFFMAN

"Crazy?" Sure. But as this  
family goes? He's probably the  
most together of the bunch.

(MORE)



DR. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Honey -- when a family this broke  
spends good money on a live-in  
shrink?

Dr. Hoffman circles her index finger next to her head:  
"cuckoo..."

DR. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Everyone under this roof has a  
secret, honey. That's why I'm  
here. It's bonkers, but it ain't  
boring.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND BALLROOM) - NIGHT

Carolyn and Willie stare down into a just-opened box in  
the center of the large, unfurnished ballroom.

CAROLYN

(with excited lust)

It's perfect...

WILLIE

What is it?

Willie struggles to lift the large, sparkly --

CAROLYN

It's called a "Mirror Ball."  
They're in all the coolest spots  
in Manhattan. You can hang it up,  
right?

He cranes his neck and looks up at --

WILLIE

What, from up there!?!

-- the chandelier dangling *thirty feet* above.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - NIGHT

Barnabas is having his sleeves chalked and pinned for a  
new suit. David stands beside him, being fitted for one  
of his own.

Barnabas smiles at the boy, feeling a swell of almost  
paternal pride, until --

TAILOR

Sorry!

Barnabas looks down and squeezes a pin-prick of blood from his arm.

BARNABAS

It's nothing...

He licks it off. Savors the taste.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

The mansion is bathed in pomp and circumstance -- giant blacklights make a neon banner glow over the front doors:

THE GREAT COLLINWOOD HAPPENING

Cars line the drive, the latest of which to arrive is none other than Angie's ROARING Plymouth Barracuda.

She eyes the spectacle from the wheel as one of her devoted Councilmen calls to her from the front steps:

TOWN COUNCIL #1

They've sure brought this place  
back to life, haven't they!

ANGELIQUE

(to herself; a sneer)  
You have no idea...

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - NIGHT

Barnabas and Carolyn stand amongst the throng of guests. The room is a blast of acid lights and modern décor - a little slice of swinging 60's London in Eastern Maine.

CAROLYN

I have to hand it to you, Uncle  
Barnabas...this is a Happening.  
The only thing missing is Alice  
Cooper.

BARNABAS

Oh? You've obviously not been in  
the Grand Ballroom.

She looks to him -- *no...are you serious?* He flashes her a cocky smile as he flourishes the door open to the --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND BALLROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Here's where it's really happening: giant LAVALAMPS illuminate (slightly Gothed-out) GO-GO DANCERS on tiny stages, all leading up to the main stage where --

ALICE COOPER

*himself* is wailing the opening measures of "Under My Wheels." As the rest of the crowd races for the stage, Carolyn just stands frozen in awe.

BARNABAS

Well? Go on.

And Carolyn *hurls herself* towards the stage, disappearing into the crowd. Barnabas drinks this in and then notices

DAVID

standing alone -- and looking bored -- by the doors to the drawing room. Barnabas puzzles at this and heads over...

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - CONTINUOUS

A COAT CHECK TABLE has been set up here...and it's unattended. The doors to the drawing room are shut.

BARNABAS

Where is the coat check girl?

DAVID

My Dad took her inside. He said they have a surprise for me.

Barnabas considers this...and doesn't like it. He moves to the doorknob --

DAVID (CONT'D)

He said to keep everybody out.

BARNABAS

I'm sure that he did, David. And you've done a marvelous job. Now I'd like you to go watch Alice Cooper.

DAVID

But I want to hang out with my D --

HYPNOTISM spirals the room -- Barnabas gives David a swift shot of vampiric suggestion:

BARNABAS

Go...and watch...the  
Cooper...woman.

David dutifully steps away. Barnabas looks guilty about the deed, but that guilt melts into suspicion as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - NIGHT

Here is the COAT CHECK GIRL, smiling naughty and smoking a joint. She's down to her bra and wears a leopard print blindfold (most likely the scarf of one of the patrons).

She's opened the window to blow her smoke out, and through here we reveal:

BARNABAS -- his sharp, dark eyes watch from outside.

COAT CHECK GIRL

(a happy pot cough)  
You're right about this stuff,  
man.

ROGER

But nothing but the best for you,  
pussycat.

Roger is behind her, rifling through the guests' coats. He pockets a mink, a gilded flask, a money-clip of cash.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What's that stuff make you feel  
like doing next, hun?

COAT CHECK GIRL

Mmm...I think you know...

As they both snicker and swoon, Roger hits jacket after jacket. Barnabas sees the vile man for what he truly is.

COAT CHECK GIRL (CONT'D)

Who was the kid?

ROGER

No idea, babe -- never saw him  
before. Now come over here...

As Roger pulls her atop a pile of fur coats, Barnabas' eyes burn with rage.

But he bides his time...fading into the darkness...

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (BALCONY) - CONTINUOUS

Barnabas leaves the bustle of the ball for a moment alone on his old seaward balcony. Instead, he catches Vicky alone in the cold night air -- ravishing in her dress.

BARNABAS

What ever are you doing out here,  
my dear? You'll catch cold.

VICTORIA

(turns; a beat)  
I've already caught the only thing  
that matters, Barnabas Collins --  
your eye.

He looks her up and down -- taking in what she just said.  
It's more than her dared dream.

BARNABAS

I...I have withheld my tender  
affections, fearful that they were  
unrequited. I've not spoken of my  
feelings to another soul.

VICTORIA

(playful)  
Right. You've only spoken of my  
"birthing hips."

BARNABAS

(soaking them in)  
Yes, well...they're splendid.

VICTORIA

(steps to him)  
I don't know why, but for some  
reason I feel like I can tell you  
anything. It's like I've known  
you forever.

BARNABAS

Yes...

VICTORIA

It's almost...hypnotic.

BARNABAS

Yes. Wait -- no! I've used no  
such trickery to summon your  
ardor, I assure you.

Close now...close enough to feel the cold from his skin.

VICTORIA

I don't know what it is. I just know there's always been something pulling me here; pulling me to Collinsport...to you.

He leans in to kiss her, but she hesitates.

BARNABAS

Victoria? Hath my scent offended you?

VICTORIA

No, no. I'm sorry. It's just --  
(a long beat)  
The people I love haven't always loved me back...

FLASH TO:

EXT. WINDCLIFF SANITARIUM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Young Vicky is led up the rose-lined path of a Gothic building by those white-coated devils.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

My own family sent me away; swept me under the rug because it was easier than having a daughter who was...different.

INT. WINDCLIFF SANITARIUM - FLASHBACK - DAY

IN the WARD FOR THE VIOLENTLY INSANE, a straight-jacketed Vicky presses her face against the tiny glass window of a padded cell as the door CLANGS shut. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL a chart by her door:

PATIENT NAME: EVANS, MAGGIE.

Inside, the girl we know as Vicky slumps against the wall -- the ghost of Josette her only companion.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

They were the loneliest, most painful years a child could know...

INT. WINDCLIFF SANITARIUM - FLASHBACK - DAY

A MALE DOCTOR looks down at us; two sponge-covered electrodes in his hands.

DOCTOR  
Now hold still, Maggie. This'll  
only hurt a minute...

Of course, it's a lie. Vicky's body writhes and flails as  
she's given electro-shock therapy...

EXT. WINDCLIFF SANITARIUM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

RAIN pours down in buckets as Vicky repels down a line of  
knotted bedsheets. Orderlies and police officers  
searching the grounds with flashlights and dogs...

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
But as hard as they were, I never  
lost my will...the need to feel  
the sun on my face again...

EXT. A LONG STRETCH OF ROAD - DAWN

Freshly-escaped from the asylum, Vicky walks along the  
shoulder, thumb held out. Cars PASSING her by...

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
So I created a new name; a new  
life. And I set out in search of  
a new home, far away from that  
pain...

BACK TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (BALCONY) - NIGHT

Barnabas has been softened by her sad story...

VICTORIA  
But even in my wildest dreams...I  
never thought I'd feel as happy as  
I do now.

BARNABAS  
To betray one's kin! No, it is  
unforgivable -- your parents do  
not deserve to look upon your  
beauty! They deserve nothing less  
than the flames of Hell!

VICTORIA  
For most of my life I've wanted a  
place where I belonged; a place  
where I could feel at home again.  
Feel loved again. I've found that  
place -- here, at Collinwood...  
(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
 (steps into him)  
 And here...

And they kiss long and deep -- the sea breeze joining the moonlight and balcony (the *same* balcony where he once kissed Josette) for a melodramatic trifecta. And as they do, one particular guest looks on from inside...

ANGELIQUE

Lowers her mask -- steam practically shooting from her ears, and an idea taking shape in her twisted mind.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND BALLROOM) - LATER

We COME OFF a spinning record and GROOVING DJ to find the Happening fully happening -- couples dancing to Stevie Wonder's "You Are the Sunshine of My Life."

*I feel like this is the beginning,  
 Though I've loved you for a million years...*

In the center (directly beneath the spinning mirror ball), Barnabas and Vicky look into each other's eyes, sharing a dance.

*You must have known that I was lonely,  
 Because you came to my rescue...*

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (HOFFMAN'S OFFICE) - DAY

Barnabas BURSTS triumphantly into Dr. Hoffman's office --

BARNABAS  
 We must redouble our efforts! I  
 must be human again! I must stand  
 beneath the sun with my beloved --

-- only to find the doctor hooked up to her homemade transfusion machine...

...giving herself a transfusion with his stored blood.

DR. HOFFMAN  
 I -- I can explain!

BARNABAS  
 (dawning)  
 My God...you're not using your  
 blood to make me human -- you're  
 using my blood to...to make  
 yourself -- immortal....



She pulls the i.v. and backs against the wall, terrified.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

The Collins family took you in!  
Bestowed their sacred trust upon  
you! And you brazenly betray that  
trust! Have you no loyalty?

DR. HOFFMAN

You have a gift, Barnabas! It  
isn't fair to keep it to yourself!  
I don't want to grow old! I want  
to be beautiful again!

(beat)

Please...I want to live forever...

BARNABAS

(a dark beat, then)

I'm afraid that's out of the  
question...

As his fangs descend and he strikes, we PAN AWAY to the  
i.v. bag -- its contents rapidly drained as Barnabas  
*sucks every drop* out of Dr. Hoffman's veins.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - NIGHT

Barnabas and Willie hurriedly spirit Dr. Hoffman's body  
(wrapped in a Persian rug) out of the house and into the  
station wagon. It's all very *Scooby Doo*.

BARNABAS

(carrying)

I should tell you, Willie -- if  
you ever speak a word of this to  
anyone, I shall have to kill you.

WILLIE

You don't have to worry 'bout me,  
Mr. Barnabas. Never liked the  
bitch anyway.

EXT. COLLINSPORT HARBOR - NIGHT

Barnabas loads his secret cargo onto a dark fishing boat,  
and --

AT SEA - NIGHT

-- sends her over the side. We FOLLOW Dr. Hoffman's  
weighted body as it descends to its watery grave.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND BALLROOM) - DAY

Roger is PULLING AT BRICKS -- one after the other -- looking for a secret panel along the wall of this large, empty room.

ROGER

C'mon...I know there was one here.

He pulls on one very promising looking brick -- groaning with effort -- as we REVEAL Barnabas standing right beside him.

BARNABAS

Beautiful workmanship, isn't it.

Roger YELPS and hops back.

ROGER

I was just, uh, looking for --

BARNABAS

This?

And Barnabas PUSHES the very same stone that Roger was just tugging on -- a SECRET DOOR opens nearby, through which we see

A CLUTTER OF RACQUETS AND NETS

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Nothing worth stealing here, I'm afraid. Elizabeth uses it for the Badminton equipment.

ROGER

(a bad liar)

That's just what I was looking for!

Roger bluffs toward the Secret Panel but Barnabas GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT, lifting him high with his long, sharp fingers.

BARNABAS

(pulling him close)

I am about to do something to you...so against my true nature.

Roger flails and kicks, terrified by his unnatural strength.

ROGER

What are you!?! What are you going to do to me!?!

And Barnabas lifts a CHECK to his face.

BARNABAS

I'm going to buy you off.

He DROPS ROGER TO THE FLOOR and holds the check above him.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

If you take it, I shall consider it a guarantee -- your word of honor that you shall never return, nor make any attempt to contact David. Further, you shall never call yourself a Collins again.

Roger hesitates -- almost to the point that we think he'll redeem himself...then takes the check.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Know this -- it is only out of my love for your son that I do not tear your body to pieces.

ROGER

What will I tell him? Tell David?

BARNABAS

You shall tell him that you love him very much.

Off Roger's somewhat conflicted countenance, we--

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - DAY

Barnabas and Elizabeth look on from the staircase as Roger kneels in front of a teary-eyed David -- his suitcases nearby.

DAVID

When will you be back?

ROGER

I don't know. But hey -- I got you something. A going away present.

He pulls a LARGE DINOSAUR TOY out of his bag.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(handing it over)

A brand new one! Nice, huh?

At the top of the stairs, out of earshot...

ELIZABETH

How much did you give him?

BARNABAS

Enough so that he shall never  
darken our door again.

After throwing a look up to Barnabas, Roger walks out the front door and --

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - SAME

Gives his bags to a CAB DRIVER, who loads them in a waiting car.

David stands in the doorway, Dinosaur toy dangling down to his foot, as he watches his father leave -- somehow knowing that he'll never see his father again.

David somberly looks down at the "new" Dinosaur toy and flips it over. The paw already reads "David" in crayon. (In fact we recognize it from his room scene earlier.)

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - DAY

The boy HOWLS IN GRIEF AND ANGER as he runs back inside. He looks up to Elizabeth and Barnabas; lip quivering.

BARNABAS

David, I...

But the boy takes off again, weeping as he runs into:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND BALLROOM) - SAME

Victoria, Carolyn, and Willie are all in here, cleaning up remnants of The Happening. They look up as DAVID rushes in, Barnabas and Elizabeth on his heels, trying to console him.

ELIZABETH

David! David, we love you!

DAVID

I don't care!

And he HURLS THE DINOSAUR IN ANGER -- it flies through the air and STRIKES THE MIRROR BALL (still hung in the center of the ballroom ceiling). The huge ball swings wild and --

DROPS -- right above the boy's head!

BARNABAS

NO!

Barnabas FLIES -- *lightning fast; inhumanely fast* --  
grappling David and rolling them to safety just as --

The Mirror Ball SMASHES DOWN where David stood -- A  
THOUSAND SHARDS OF REFLECTIVE MIRROR scatter across the  
floor and just beneath David and Barnabas's faces.

And David YELPS. There's *his* face in the mirrored  
pieces...and NO ONE ELSE...

*Barnabas casts no reflection.*

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

(no way around it)

Ah. Well. So that just happened.

DAVID

What are you!?!

There's a collective GASP from Victoria, Willie, and  
Carolyn as Elizabeth steps closer.

BARNABAS

(pleading to her)

Elizabeth, I...I'm so sorry -- I  
was just trying to --

DAVID

(Elizabeth)

What is he..?

David backs away. Face distorted with betrayal --

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why are you all such liars!?!

-- and RUNS OFF.

Barnabas turns to Victoria, her face a mix of shock and  
confusion. He tries to touch her arm...

BARNABAS

Victoria, I --

...but she pulls away.

VICTORIA

Who are you, Barnabas?

He's ashamed, and fearful of how she'll react. But the  
time for truth is upon him.

BARNABAS

A vampire.

(a beat)

A vampire who loves you.

VICTORIA

I told you everything...my  
secrets; my fears. I told you  
the truth.

BARNABAS

Upon reflection, my death is a  
detail that should have come up  
earlier in our relationship.

(steps toward her)

Perhaps if we went for a wa --

VICTORIA

Just leave me alone, Barnabas.

And she leaves him alone with Elizabeth and Willie. None  
of them quite knowing what the hell to do...

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON (MOVING) - NIGHT

Willie (who has *no idea* what to say) drives in silence  
with a dejected Barnabas, who rides shotgun. Finally,  
feeling the need to fill the silence, he settles on:

WILLIE

Women, huh?

BARNABAS

Indeed.

WILLIE

Can't live with 'em, can't kill  
'em.

Only after a BEAT does the stupidity of that statement  
sink into Willie's whisky-soaked brain.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Well...I mean you ca --

BARNABAS

Just drive.

WILLIE

Ayuh...

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELIQUE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Angelique rests flawless legs on her desk -- her office adorned with candelabras -- each one made from chain links. As if on cue, Barnabas BURSTS in with trademark flair.

BARNABAS

Hear me, temptress! I demand that  
you release me from my cur --

He takes in the room: the candles; her dress.

ANGELIQUE

You're late.

She SLIDES a goblet across the desk toward him.

BARNABAS

(licks his lips)  
Is that...

ANGELIQUE

The only thing you drink these  
days.

BARNABAS

Whose is it?

ANGELIQUE

No one you know, I promise.

He sits...takes the goblet and drinks -- his suspicious eyes never leaving hers.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

I knew it wouldn't be long before  
you barged in here, begging me to  
make you mortal again. After all,  
your little transfusions with Dr.  
Hoffman didn't exactly work out,  
did they?

BARNABAS

(hiding his surprise)  
Yes well...shame that she was  
called away on business so  
suddenly.

ANGELIQUE

Interesting. I don't know many  
people who take business meetings  
on the bottom of the ocean.

BARNABAS

How did you...

ANGELIQUE  
Witch, baby. Witch.

BARNABAS  
(stands)  
She was a liar! A liar who was  
stealing my blood!

ANGELIQUE  
Aren't we being a smidge  
hypocritical? "Lying" and  
"stealing blood," after all, are  
things you're rather familiar  
with.

EXT. ANGEL BAY - NIGHT

Willie sits alone in the station wagon, listening to  
America's "A Horse With No Name" on the radio and sipping  
his flask. He's already two sheets to the wind, and  
working on the third.

RADIO (V.O.)  
*The ocean is a desert with its  
life underground, and a perfect  
disguise above...*

INT. ANGELIQUE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Angelique really has Barnabas's blood boiling:

BARNABAS  
Yes, I killed Dr. Hoffman, and the  
workmen, and those very nice  
unshaven young people! But know  
this -- a piece of my wretched  
soul dies with each life I take!  
For I only kill because I am  
compelled to! Compelled by your  
witchcraft! By your curse!

(beat)  
You destroyed my happiness,  
Angelique -- but with God as my  
witness, you shall not destroy my  
family. My father would hear none  
of these devil dealings.

ANGELIQUE  
Your father was no saint.

Barnabas pauses in mid-sip; this strikes a nerve.

BARNABAS  
What do you know of my father?



ANGELIQUE

Enough to know how he measures up  
against his son.

(licking her lips)

In all sorts of wonderful ways.

Barnabas stands quickly, his chair falling back.

BARNABAS

Lying strumpet!

ANGELIQUE

What can I say? I have a weakness  
for Collins men...and they do seem  
to enjoy the hell out of me.

(stands)

I'm going to offer you a business  
proposal, Barnabas; my final  
offer: either you agree to rule  
this little pond of mine side by  
side -- partners and lovers -- or  
I put you back in a box.

BARNABAS

I have already prepared my counter-  
proposal. It reads thusly: you  
may kiss my backside repeatedly.

ANGELIQUE

It's a shame. It really is. You  
know, if you'd just been smart  
enough to love me -- I would've  
let her go.

BARNABAS

Let who go? Speak plainly, snake!

ANGELIQUE

I sent your little girlfriend over  
the cliffs once before. What  
makes you think I wouldn't do it  
again?

BARNABAS

That does it! I shall strike you  
down once and for all!

He makes his move, but --

With a flick of her enchanted wrist, Angelique bewitches  
the candelabras to unfurl their chain links and fly  
through the air toward Barnabas -- who suddenly finds  
himself bound in their iron grasp.

ANGELIQUE

When are you going to get it  
though your head, Barnabas...

Barnabas's POV: As he falls over on his side (and we  
with him), Angelique leans in above us.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

...I'm better than you.

Several Angel Bay employees we've seen so far (hereafter  
referred to as "HENCHMEN") enter carrying an *iron coffin*.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Put him in.

BARNABAS

NO! NO YOU MUSTN'T!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL BAY - NIGHT

Angelique and her henchmen pull away in a van, with  
Barnabas's coffin (wrapped in silver chains) in the back.  
They pass a sleeping Willie Loomis in the old Collins  
station wagon.

DOWN THE DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The van makes a stop in front of the Collins Cannery --  
just long enough for Angelique to lean out the window and  
recite a brief incantation:

ANGELIQUE

(a chant)

*Sleeping flame, I summon thee,  
To your form return,  
Make the night as bright as day,  
And burn, baby, burn...*

As the van ROARS off --

INT. THE COLLINS CANNERY - SAME

Magical things begin to happen inside the empty cannery:

-- The valve of a gas pipe turns *by itself*, and the  
highly-combustible HISSING begins...

-- The conveyor belts and seamers HUM to life, stamping  
out cans and lids...

-- We FOCUS IN on one of the machines -- grinding down the sharp edges of spinning tin lids.

-- And SEVERAL DEAD BODIES piled on the floor beside it -- neatly arranged (by Angelique, no doubt -- *that's* where she got the blood to serve Barnabas).

All it takes is *one little spark* from a spinning lid...

EXT. ANGEL BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Willie is roused from his drunken snooze by an EXPLOSION! A reflected fireball climbing up the station wagon's windshield!

WILLIE

What in the --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - SAME

A distant fireball lights up the night sky and the harbor below the Manor's sweeping front lawn, drawing Elizabeth to the windows.

ELIZABETH

My God...

CUT TO:

EXT. EAGLE'S HILL CEMETERY - NIGHT

Angelique's flashlight-wielding henchmen carry Barnabas's coffin (wrapped in its silver chains once again) toward the family crypt.

BARNABAS (O.S.)

You mustn't!

ANGELIQUE

You know, I've come to realize that shutting you in that box for all eternity might've been a tad harsh. So here's the deal -- I'm going to destroy everything you love, and you're going to take some more time to think about us.

(beat)

See you in a couple centuries, loverboy.

Barnabas SCREAMS as the coffin lid is closed over him, soaking us in black once again.

## EXT. EAGLE'S HILL CEMETERY - NIGHT

We watch Angelique and her henchmen close the doors of their car and roll away -- red taillights illuminating the mist-covered graves. Once the car is out of sight, a pair of --

FEET

enter frame and make their way across the grounds toward the Collins family crypt. Whose feet? We don't know...

## EXT. THE COLLINS CANNERY - NIGHT

A CROWD of onlookers (including our three Town Councilmen) has gathered to watch the FIRE DEPARTMENT and POLICE battle the cannery blaze. The building is clearly beyond hope -- they're just trying to keep it from spreading to the rest of the harbor.

Willie drunkenly pushes his way to the front of the mob -- the flames causing gusts of hot air to blow past him.

WILLIE

(to himself)

Oh boy...Ms. Elizabeth's gonna  
shit a brick...

Angelique's van ROARS up the dock and SCREECHES to a halt beside the emergency vehicles.

HER HIGH HEELS

CLICK against the wooden planks as she struts toward a squad car -- close to where Willie watches the fire.

ANGELIQUE

Sheriff -- we need to talk.

SHERIFF

(watching the blaze)

Christ, Angie -- the whole damned town's burnin'! I don't have time to chit-chat.

ANGELIQUE

Oh? You don't have time for proof that the Collins family is harboring a murderer?

As Angelique holds her tape recorder aloft (and Willie audibly GULPS) --

CUT TO:

INT. THE COLLINS FAMILY CRYPT (BARNABAS'S COFFIN) - NIGHT

We're back in Barnabas's pitch black POV. His distressed breath echoes against the iron just an inch from his face.

BARNABAS

(clinging to sanity)

Do not dismay, Barnabas. I'm sure this time we won't be buried alive for quite so long. Perhaps only a few brief decades...

(then, deep sorrow)

Oh, Victoria...to think that I shall miss the most fertile years of your womb...

But then -- a MUFFLED SHOUT from outside. A CLANG.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello, I hear you!

More CLANGING, over and over, the LID SCRAPES and then an EXPLOSION OF MOONLIGHT as the coffin is opened!

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Oh sweet glories be! My savior -- whoever you be -- fear not! I thank you! Oh, what year is this? How long has it been!?! ,

Over the edge of the coffin slowly peeks...David.

DAVID

It's been twenty minutes.

BARNABAS

David!?! But how on earth did you know that I was imprisoned? Or, for that matter, where?

DAVID

(hesitates, then)

My mom told me.

(beat)

You probably think I'm crazy.

BARNABAS

Young man...I think nothing of the sort. Where is your family? And Victoria!?! ,

DAVID

I haven't seen Vicky, but everybody else is in town watching our cannery burn.

BARNABAS

Angelique...

(sitting up)

Come! We must stop her before our  
beloved Collinwood suffers the  
same fate!

Barnabas makes a valiant effort to leap from the coffin,  
but his chained body drops hard to the floor. David  
looks down.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

But first you should probably  
unchain me.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COLLINS CANNERY - NIGHT

The tape recorder rests on the hood of a Collinsport  
squad car. Angelique PRESSES PLAY. *What we hear next is  
a cleverly-edited recording of his earlier admission:*

BARNABAS (V.O.)

*Yes, I killed Dr. Hoffman, and the  
workmen, and those very nice  
unshaven young people!*

Shocked faces throughout the crowd.

SHERIFF

I'll be damned...

TOWN COUNCIL #3

And to think the whole town's  
named after 'em...

ANGELIQUE

I'd be willing to bet that  
Barnabas has already skipped town.  
(the building)  
And I'd be willing to bet that  
you'll find the corpses of more of  
his innocent victims in there!

She raises her voice for all to hear:

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

The Collins family has rebuilt  
their business with murder and  
intimidation! Well I say, "not in  
my town!"

A CHEER goes up through the spectators.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

(Willie)

There's one of them now! He's probably the one who started the fire to cover his boss's tracks!

Shocked faces turn to *angry faces* -- all eyes on Willie.

WILLIE

(under his breath)

Time to go...

NEAR THE STATION WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

In classic horror movie fashion, the old Collins station wagon WON'T START as the mob advances on him. At the last second, it SPUTTERS to life.

As Willie DROPS it in gear --

WILLIE

If I make it out of this alive, we're getting a fucking Cadillac.

-- and FLOORS the accelerator...

SMASH TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

David and Barnabas race toward the manor on foot -- the latter carrying the smaller in his arms; navigating the tightly-packed trees with superhuman speed.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GATE/MAIN ROAD) - MINUTES LATER

The station wagon ROARS up the driveway, and --

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - MOMENTS LATER

SKIDS to a halt *precisely* as David and Barnabas come speeding out of the darkness, and Elizabeth and Carolyn come running out the front door. The world's most-panicked family reunion now transpires:

ELIZABETH

Willie! What on earth's happened?

WILLIE

(out of breath)

Fire! Murder! Angry mob!

ELIZABETH  
 (sees them coming)  
 David, thank Heavens! I've been  
 worried sick!

Barnabas drops the boy in her arms as he passes -- barely  
 slowing as he continues into --

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (VICKY'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Barnabas BURSTS into Vicky's room, only to find it empty.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Vicky marches zombie-like through the night woods -- a  
 marionette attached to invisible strings; the rhythmic  
 sweeping beam of the lighthouse passing over her head in  
 regular intervals.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (VICKY'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Barnabas can't believe it -- the witch has outmaneuvered  
 him again. But there's no time to go after Vicky now,  
 for the sound of a SIREN is growing unnervingly close...

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - SAME

The squad car SHRIEKS up the driveway. Angelique and her  
 henchmen behind them; curious townspeople walking up the  
 lawn in droves -- a full moon over their heads.

Elizabeth stands at the front door -- a mother bird  
 protecting her nest.

SHERIFF  
 I'm here for Barnabas.

ELIZABETH  
 (the crowd)  
 The Collins family built this  
 town! We built it with our boats  
 and nets; with our sacrifices!  
 And this is how you repay us?

SHERIFF  
 I sorry, Liz -- but I'm gonna have  
 to take him in.

BARNABAS (O.S.)  
 And he shall go willingly to his  
 punishment...



Barnabas appears in the doorway behind Elizabeth.

ANGELIQUE

Barnabas? But how --

BARNABAS

...provided Miss Bouchard goes with him. For she is no less a monster than I.

(to Angelique)

Where is my Victoria?!?

She approaches him -- close, so the others can't hear.

ANGELIQUE

You should've listened to me, Barnabas. You should've loved me.

BARNABAS

I should have destroyed you! All you've brought me nothing but misery, wretched woman!

ANGELIQUE

Don't you get it? You're the curse! Women are undone by loving you! Josette, Dr. Hoffman...and now your beloved "Vicky!"

Barnabas grabs her. The sheriff draws *his* gun.

SHERIFF

Now don't you do anything stupid!

ANGELIQUE

(loud)

Go on, Barnabas -- slaughter me like you slaughtered all the others! Show them what you'll do to protect your beloved family name! Show them what you are!

BARNABAS

No...I'll show them what we are.

And Barnabas BARES HIS FANGS. The crowd gasps and backs away...all except for:

TOWN COUNCIL #1

What -- what's happening?!?

TOWN COUNCIL #2

What am I doing?!?

TOWN COUNCIL #3

Why am I doing it?!?

THE TOWN COUNCIL ATTACKS BARNABAS with fierce brutality...though the fear on their faces betray that *their bodies are being controlled.*

BARNABAS

Back citizens! I have no quarrel with you!

But he has no choice but to parry and dodge -- his lithe frame bending and jerking to avoid their every punch as Angelique slips into the back of the crowd.

TOWN COUNCIL #1

(a savage punch)

I really don't mean to be doing this!

TOWN COUNCIL #2

(a sharp, hard kick)

So sorry, Mr. Collins.

TOWN COUNCIL #3

(picking Barnabas up)

The whole town's named after you for Pete's sake!

And Town Councilman #3 HURLS BARNABAS -- with superhuman strength -- *through the wall of Collinwood Manor.*

Elizabeth eyes Angelique, who's holding one delicate hand behind her back -- hidden within her purse -- the GLOW OF WITCHCRAFT emanating from within.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Barnabas gasps and groans in pain and lifts himself from the fainting couch upon which he crashed.

The Town Council follows Barnabas though the hole in the wall and continues kicking his ass.

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

Half the town watches the fight unfold (through a Barnabas-sized hole in the mansion).

SHERIFF

What in the almighty hell?

ANGELIQUE

(a rallying cry)

You see, Collinsport? This family means to be the death of us!

Elizabeth steps up behind her and --

ELIZABETH  
Just the death of you, dear.

-- GRABS THE PURSE away, revealing --

THE GLOWING, WRINKLED HAND OF A WITCH

beneath -- Its fingers dancing. The townspeople turn en masse and eye her with a new dark fear.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Don't you see? SHE'S A WITCH!!!

SOCIETY LADY #1  
(mouth agape)  
But...she can't be a witch. She's  
on the school board!

ANGELIQUE CACKLES -- it's a grizzled laugh that seems to reverberate throughout all of Maine. The ground QUAKES.

Elizabeth, in fact -- every townspeople, falls back in fear, horrified as "Angie" undergoes a ghastly transformation into --

THE ANGELIQUE-WITCH

Decrepit and miserably old -- a body as twisted and wretched as her heart. Her eyes clouded white; her teeth rotted black; her skin a sickly grey.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (CAROLYN'S ROOM) - NIGHT

BARNABAS CRASHES UP through the floor and into the pink frilly bedroom, thrown by --

TOWN COUNCIL #2 (O.S.)  
(downstairs/distant)  
I'll never be able to forgive  
myself, Mr. Collins!

But Barnabas has *bigger* problems...

GROWLING. Deep and animalistic. *Is that...her?*

Barely audible, somewhere in this dark room, someone is WEEPING. Looking around, we see torn Alice Cooper and Carpenters posters; a wrecked room -- and the shape of Carolyn -- shadowy, on the floor, writhing...

The Town Council leaps up into the bedroom. Bad move.

CAROLYN  
Get...out...of my...

And, out from the shadows, comes --

CAROLYN (CONT'D)  
(terrifying growl)  
ROOOOOM!

THE CAROLYN-WOLF

all claws and coarse fur tufts through every slit that --  
before her transformation -- showed too much skin.

Barnabas watches as the she-wolf girl attacks his  
assailants.

BARNABAS  
Ah...so those were the changes she  
was struggling with.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS NEAR WIDOW'S HILL - NIGHT

Victoria, meanwhile, wanders toward her doom --  
helplessly marching toward the same cliff that Josette  
threw herself off of 200 years ago.

VICTORIA  
HELP ME!

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (FRONT ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

The town is *shocked* to see its beloved Angie in witch  
form. Gone are the perfect locks and pleasant demeanor.

We see her *true age* for the first time -- a far cry from  
the beauty she preserved with magic.

TOWNSPERSON #1  
How could you, Angie? I voted you  
head of the supper club!

TOWNSPERSON #2  
My kids've been eating Angel Bay  
Fish Fingers since they was  
little!

SOCIETY LADY #2  
(almost in tears)  
I had my hair dyed to match yours!

ANGELIQUE  
 Oh, would you all just SHUT UP?  
 I've been trying to please you  
 plebeians for centuries! Well  
 guess what -- I am Woman, and it's  
 about time you heard me roar!

The crowd flinches as she *rises up off the ground*!

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (CAROLYN'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The Carolyn-Wolf, a flurry of snarls and slashes, attacks  
 the glowing Town Councilmen as Barnabas howls.

BARNABAS  
 No, Carolyn! It's not them! It's  
her!

ANGELIQUE (O.S.)  
 Of course it's me, darling.

Part of the wall is magically TORN AWAY! Shards of  
 Collinwood thrown across the night sky which now  
 silhouettes --

ANGELIQUE

eyes aglow, hair billowing.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
 It's always been me.

BARNABAS  
 (baring his fangs)  
 Silence, bride of Satan!

ANGELIQUE  
I blew the very sails of the  
 Venture here to these shores, and  
 sent your wretched mother and  
 unfaithful father to their doom!

A sweep of her hand flies the snarling Carolyn aloft.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
I bred the twisted mongrel who bit  
 this little bitch in her crib!

The beam of the lighthouse crosses her smiling face.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)  
 And I sent the boy's mother to the  
 ocean floor and made him no better  
 than a bastard...

BARNABAS

David...

ANGELIQUE

Your family has always been  
cursed, Barnabas.

(deep sadistic sneer)

Cursed by me.

Barnabas HISSES! Angelique flies at him, sending both  
crashing down through the floor and into --

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - NIGHT

The two LAND in a heap of dust and flooring. Angelique  
smiles, wide and wicked, as she springs to her feet and  
squares off with Barnabas.

BARNABAS

You should have let your puppets  
finish me, harlot! They're  
innocent -- a quality I hold dear.  
But you...

(snarling; all fang)

Oh, you I shall not hold back on.

Barnabas flexes his long, clawed fingers. Angelique  
raises her arms to the churning heavens and we witness:

THE BARNABAS VS. ANGELIQUE BATTLE ROYALE

Supernatural domestic violence; an immortal lovers'  
quarrel that *tears the house apart around them*.

Barnabas grabs Angelique and flings her into --

A MAID'S CLOSET - SAME

-- with a CRASH! Cleaning supplies and laundry detergent  
pour down on her, along with a broom (we can practically  
see the light bulb in her head go off). She hops on the  
broom and rides it toward the door, until --

BARNABAS (O.S.)

Going my way?

Barnabas steps out and *grabs the broom* from under her --  
sending Angelique into a tailspin that ends with her  
CRASHING into the iconic painting of her nemesis.

Barnabas CHARGES at her like a beast from a cage, and she  
avoids him with an animalistic leap up to the chandelier.

A HAND

unties a rope attached to the chandelier, and it comes CRASHING down with Angelique on it. Barnabas turns, surprised to find *Willie beside him*.

WILLIE

(shrug/to Barnabas)

It was a bitch to dust.

Angelique charges at Willie, but Barnabas activates a secret lever beside the fireplace, spinning the entire mantle (and Willie) into the safety of the next room, and Angelique SMASHING into the fireplace!

ANGELIQUE

(rising up)

Enough foreplay! Let's get down to what I should've done ages ago.

She uses magic to pull Barnabas across the room toward her. He resists -- grabbing a cracking plank of what used to be the floor of the Grand Foyer.

BARNABAS

(strong floorboards)

Fine...Dutch...craftsmanshiiiiip!

CAROLYN (O.S.)

(deep wolfen growl)

Leave him alone!

The Carolyn-Wolf stands at the top of the staircase.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Carolyn?

Elizabeth and David stand in the doorway.

CAROLYN

OK, I'm a werewolf. Let's not make a big deal out of it.

With a flick of Angelique's wrist, Carolyn, Elizabeth and David rise to the ceiling -- trapped in mid-air.

BARNABAS

NO! Your quarrel is with me!

ANGELIQUE

My quarrel is with all of you!  
You're all petulant, freakish ants  
who still have the nerve to look  
down your noses at the world!

DAVID (O.S.)  
 (small but brave)  
 We're not ants...  
 (beat)  
 We're dinosaurs.

Angelique turns, sneers into David's young face.

ANGELIQUE  
 I think I'll kill you first,  
 orphan...

ELIZABETH  
 No!

Louder than them all --

BARNABAS  
 ANYTHING!

Angelique turns and raises an eyebrow.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
 Anything you desire! I'm yours,  
 take me! Use me as you will --  
 just let the boy go!

She considers this. Turns back to David and drags her long, fingernail down his quivering young cheek.

ANGELIQUE  
 (a chant)  
*If he doth another choose,  
 To lend his heart and eye,  
 Then magic shall the slighted use,  
 So all he loves will --*

DAVID  
 (suddenly...cocky?)  
 Oh, shut up, you old witch.

She's deeply struck -- not by his words, but by his confident tone. Her face is a mix of anger...and fear.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I'm warning you -- this is your  
 last chance...let us go.

ANGELIQUE  
 (regains composure)  
 And what will you do if I don't,  
 you impertinent little bastard?



DAVID

Not me...  
(looks up)  
My mom.

Angelique's panic is immediate. She looks up and sees --

DAVID'S MOTHER

undead and spectral -- her soft, young face contorts into a monstrous, supernatural fury and attacks Angelique.

ANGELIQUE

No! How can you --

But hell hath no fury like a mother protecting her son -- and she summons enough mystic energy to break Angelique's magical hold on the family.

With a supernatural foe added to the fray, Angelique's last ditch is to GRAB BARNABAS BY THE THROAT.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

To hell with it. I'll do it the old-fashioned way...

Barnabas's eyes focus on Angelique's NECKLACE -- the Silver Key (the very one that locked him away for centuries) dangling on her chest.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

You never could escape my grasp, Barnabas Collins...

BARNABAS

(strangled but sly)  
I never had...the right...key.

Barnabas grabs the necklace by its Silver Key and PULLS WITH SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH -- his hand bursting instantly into flames!

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

AHHHH!!!

But he holds on and pulls! Hard enough so that the --

NECKLACE SLICES CLEAN THROUGH ANGELIQUE'S NECK

Her eyes die. Her body drops to the floor, followed a moment later by her frozen, grotesque head.

Barnabas (suddenly remembering that he's on fire) BLOWS his hand out.

SILENCE at last. Ding dong. The witch is dead.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

Well that ended rather well for --

He sees his family looking at the moving sight of David and his spectral mother, kneeling beside him.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Ah yes. A moment. Of course.

He steps back to a respectful distance. David's ghostly mother leans in, whispers one final thing into her little boy, kisses him on the forehead and then...vanishes.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

(a beat; to David)

Are you alright?

He isn't, but David nods anyway.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

What did she say?

DAVID

(a tear)

Widows Hill...she said Widows --

But Barnabas is already gone -- speeding toward the sweeping beam of the distant lighthouse.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (DRAWING ROOM) - SAME

The burning piano PLINGS and PLONGS as strings break.

INT. COLLINWOOD MANOR (GRAND FOYER) - SAME

The fire burns the portrait of Barnabas. The paint bubbles and peels, while --

EXT. COLLINWOOD MANOR - NIGHT

Elizabeth joins David as he watches the house burn.

ELIZABETH

I owe you an apology, David. I should've believed you.

Carolyn, meanwhile, is back to her normal self -- trembling. Elizabeth takes her in her arms...

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
And you're absolutely right, my  
love...none of us have any idea  
what you've been going through.

As Carolyn buries her face in her mother's shoulder --

DAVID  
(the fire)  
What do we do?

Elizabeth looks up; takes in the strangely beautiful  
sight -- the flames reflected in her glassy eyes...

ELIZABETH  
What the Collins family has always  
done...  
(beat)  
Endure...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS NEAR WIDOW'S HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Barnabas runs through trees and bushes, ignoring the  
LASHING of branches on his skin; desperate to reach --

EXT. WIDOW'S HILL - SAME

The old lighthouse sits on the cliff's edge. A tiny  
figure wanders over the rocks toward a 200-foot drop;  
her dress flapping in the gale. It's --

VICKY

staggering toward the precipice -- *a nightmarish replay  
of 200 years ago!*

VICTORIA  
Help me, Barnabas!

BARNABAS

emerges from the trees behind her, just in time to see --

BARNABAS  
Victoria!

-- *throw herself over the side and disappear.*

BARNABAS (CONT'D)  
NOOOOO!!!

As she CRASHES onto the jagged, wave-beaten rocks below.

Barnabas staggers to the cliff's edge; drops to his knees; weeps -- looking down at --

VICKY'S BODY

on the jagged rocks below; the WAVES crashing over her.

DAVID (O.S.)  
I thought vampires couldn't cry.

David is behind him -- a loving hand on his shoulder. Elizabeth, Carolyn and Willie gathered around him.

BARNABAS  
(feels his tears)  
They...can't.

ELIZABETH  
The curse...it must've died along with Angelique.  
(realizes)  
All of our curses...

DAVID  
It doesn't matter.

David stands at the cliff's edge, looking down at Vicky's body. Tears in his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Vicky's dead. Our house...our money...it's all gone.

Barnabas stands, dries his eyes and takes David by the chin -- gentle but stern.

BARNABAS  
Family, David. Family is the only real wealth.

Together, they admire the magnificent red and orange skies of a Maine sunrise -- their family battered, but not broken.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
*It's said that blood is thicker than water. It's what defines us. Binds us. Curses us...*  
(beat)  
*My name is Victoria Winters...and my curse has finally been broken.*

As Steely Dan's *Reeling in the Years* plays us into the promised land, we FLY AWAY from the estate grounds...OVER the cliff...DOWN toward the ocean...

*Are you reeling in the years?  
Stowing away the time?  
Are you gathering up the tears?  
Have you had enough of mine?*

Then DOWN through the surface of the waves, past schools  
of cod and haddock...

DOWN to the murky depths, where the chained body of Dr.  
Hoffman rests...

As her eyes *snap* open.

Hell hath no fury...

SMASH TO:

THE END